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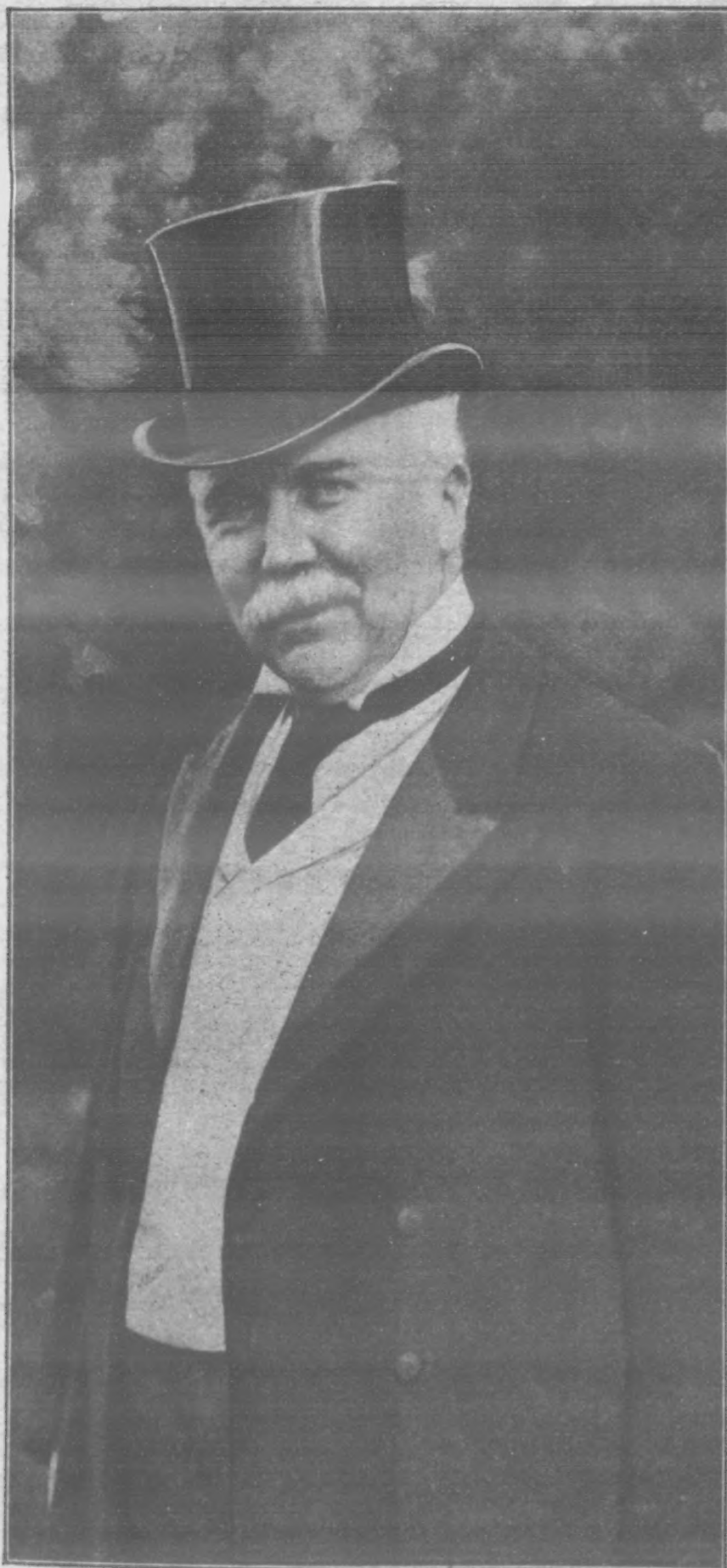
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*All About the New Labour Party
and the House of Commons. See Inside.*

FULL OF FUNNY CARTOONS.



Photo, McEwan.



Photo, Borden.

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DIGESTION**

**GOOD
HEALTH!**

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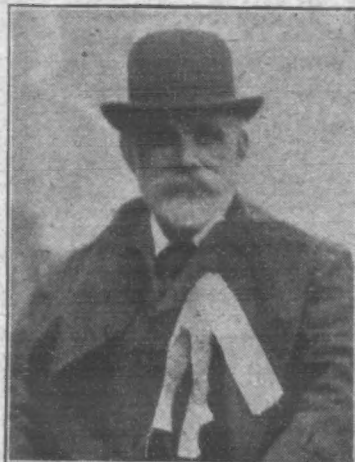


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Photo, Bowden.

The Right Hon. John Burns,
Liberal and Labour Member for
Battersea.

SOME OF THE GIANTS OF LABOUR.

The youngest Labour member of
Parliament is in one respect the most
interesting of them all.

"FROM OUT THE DEPTHS."

Life Stories of the new Labour Members of Parliament.

The re-opening of Parliament will see the dawn of a new era in British political life.

A large number of the members of the new House of Commons will, for the first time, be men with neither birth nor wealth to recommend them. Parliament, in the future, will be open, not only to the self-made man who, having acquired money, has turned his hand to politics, but also to the energetic, younger man who makes politics his ambition from the start.

The advantage of this lies in the fact that it may lead to increased efficiency not only in the House of Commons itself, but in the public service in general.

The disadvantage lies in the fact that it may lead to the creation of a large class of paid politicians with its attendant evils, and that many of the new-type of members—the untravelled products of big manufacturing towns—may take too large a view of the importance of municipal affairs, and too narrow a view of the great Imperial problems which confront the Empire.

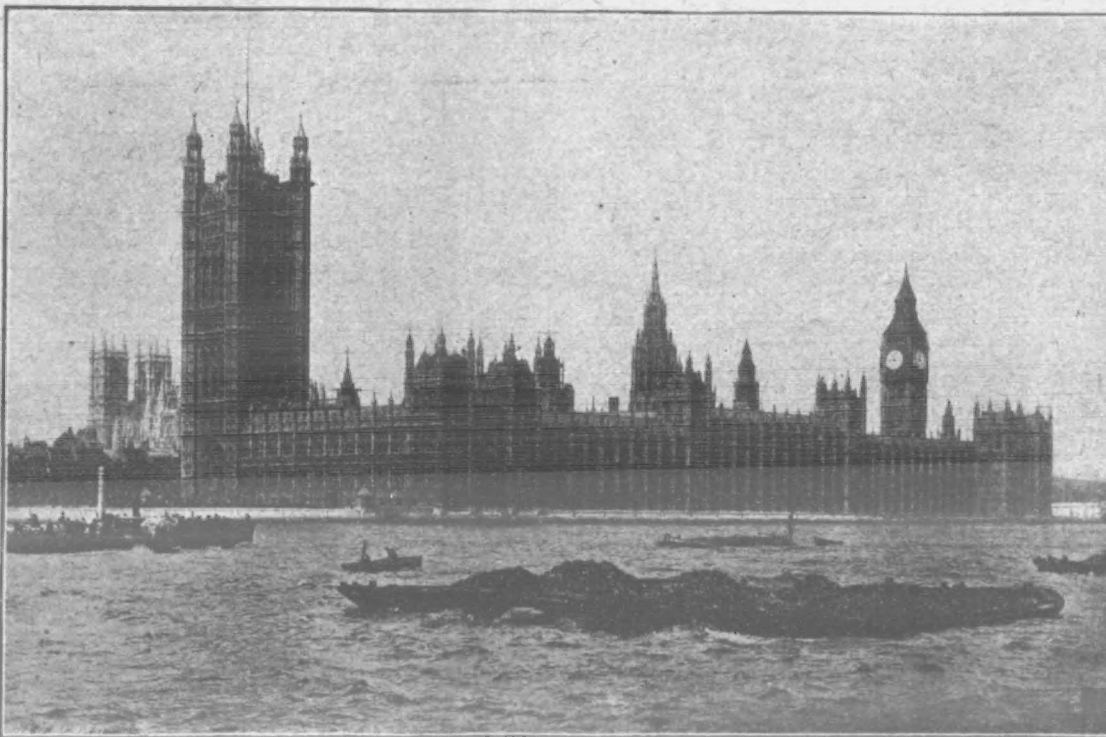
and Tinplate Workers, and is one of the principal organisers of the north of England. He is a fluent speaker, and one of the most popular of the Labour leaders.

STUDY IN CONTRASTS.

Lord Stanley's defeat in the West-houghton Division of Lancashire by

war, came home to be one of the Lords of the Treasury, and then Postmaster-General.

Meanwhile, the carpenter's apprentice was following his trade in Bury and Bolton, and assisting to manage the trade union to which he belonged. He helped to found the Bolton Building Trades Federation, and a few years ago succeeded in preventing a



Photo, Frith.

THE NEW LABOUR CLUB: The Houses of Parliament from the river.

He represents the type of the future—the working man with a university training.

Mr. J. T. Macpherson, who, in his thirty-fourth year, becomes M.P. for Preston, says the *Daily Express*, was sent by the Steel Smelters' Society to Ruskin College, Oxford, to prepare for his career as a Labour leader. Before that he had served as a boy at sea, and had learned to smelt steel in the furnaces of Middlesbrough.

He is now organising secretary of the British Steel Smelters, Mill Iron,

the Labour candidate, Mr. W. T. Wilson, brings into further bold relief the contrast between Parliament as it has been and Parliament as it may be when the Labour party achieves its ambition.

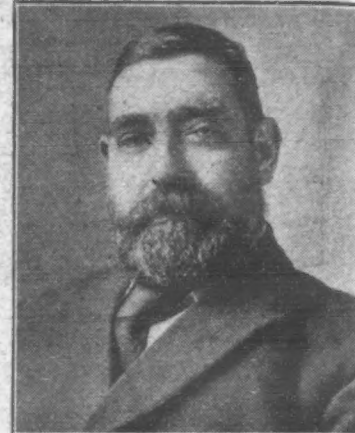
While the eldest son of the Earl of Derby was studying Greek and Latin at Wellington College, young Wilson, a Cumberland lad, was serving his apprenticeship as a carpenter at Barrow-in-Furness.

From Wellington Lord Stanley went to the Grenadier Guards, and after distinguished service in the late

lock-out in the building trades. For twenty years he graduated in the school of trade unionism, and last year became chairman of the Union of Carpenters and Joiners.

Now the Earl's heir is turned out of Parliament, and the organiser of carpenters steps into his place, and a revolution in parliamentary representation is effected by means of the ballot-box.

The prejudice of working men against representatives of their own class is one of the chief difficulties which the Labour Representation



Photo, Haines.

Mr. Will Crooks, Labour Member for Woolwich.

Committee has had to overcome, and it has overcome it, with dramatic success in this election, largely by a careful selection of candidates, and a skilful disposition of them in the constituencies which the Liberal party yielded to Labour.

For engineering Glasgow, for instance, their candidate was Mr. George N. Barnes, a Scotsman, as well as general secretary of the Society of Engineers, which is probably the strongest of all trade unions. For Salford they put forward Mr. Clynes, who began work as a boy in an Oldham cotton factory, devoted his resting hours to study, and, in recognition of his organising ability, has been chairman of the Federation of Trades Councils.

NEWSPAPER BOY.

One of Bolton's new M.P.'s, Mr. A. H. Gill, although now a member of the Manchester and Bolton Chambers of Commerce and a member of the Committee of the British Cotton Growing Association, as well as a member of the House of Commons, earned his living at seven years of age by selling newspapers in the streets of Rochdale. As a "half-timer" he worked in a cotton mill when he was ten. As a co-operator and trade union secretary he won respect in Bolton, where he has been a magistrate for several years.

The new President of the Local Government Board has told the world how, as a little boy, he helped his mother to carry the basket of washing over Westminster Bridge. Mr. Glover, M.P. for St. Helens, will be able to tell the House of Commons how, as a child of nine, he worked in the mines at Blackbrook, in Lancashire. Now he is the miners' agent for the St. Helens district, and a justice of the peace for the town which has sent him to Parliament. For nearly forty years he has been an organiser of labour.

The varieties of trades represented in the Labour party are almost as numerous as the members. Mr. Kelly, of South-West Manchester, is a lithographic printer, and secretary of the amalgamated society of his trade. Mr. T. F. Richards, a Wednesbury born lad, whose father's death led him to support himself while he was almost a child, is now a Leicester bootmaker and a town councillor.

"SECOND JOSEPH ARCH."

One of the greatest surprises of the General Election in the eastern midlands is the return of Mr. George Nichols for North Northamptonshire. Mr. Nichols, who began life as an agricultural labourer at the age of eight, is known as the "Second Joseph Arch."

He continued on the land until he was twenty years old, and then became a lay preacher, and tramped the country as a navvy to learn the condition of the working people.

Since 1901 he has been pastor of a Free Church at Chesterton, Staffs.

Child labour is part of the history also of the railwaymen's second M.P., Mr. Wardle, of Stockport. When he was eight he was a half-timer in a Yorkshire factory, and at thirteen he worked the full day. Two years later he obtained a clerkship on the Midland Railway. A year before he was appointed editor of the *Railway Review* he published a volume of poetry.

One of the few men who are not of the working class is Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P. for Blackburn, who, nevertheless, is one of the most aggressive Socialists now in the House of Commons. Formerly he was in the Inland Revenue Department. A bicycle accident threw him into enforced leisure and reflection, and he emerged a Socialist and a member of the Independent Labour party.



By kind permission of the "Evening Standard."

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.



By kind permission of the "Daily Mirror."

A CHANCE FOR THE GOVERNING CLASSES: Turn about is fair play. The working classes are now going to do a little governing. Suppose the governing classes now do a little work!



Mr. James O'Grady, Labour Member for East Leeds.

THE LABOUR PARTY.

The Labour M.P.s recently elected may be classified as follows:—

LABOUR REPRESENTATION COMMITTEE CANDIDATES.

*W. Crooks Woolwich.
C. Duncan Barrow-in-Furness.
Philip Snowden Blackburn.
A. H. Gill Bolton.
F. W. Jowett Bradford (West).
J. Jenkins Chatham.
C. W. Bowerman Deptford.
A. Wilkie Dundee.
J. Parker Halifax.
J. O'Grady Leeds (East).
J. R. MacDonald Leicester.
J. R. Clynes Manchester (N.E.).
G. D. Kelly Manchester (S.W.).
W. Hudson Newcastle-on-Tyne.
G. H. Roberts Norwich.
J. T. Macpherson Preston.
G. J. Wardle Stockport.
T. Glover St. Helens.
W. Thorne West Ham (South).
T. F. Richards Wolverhampton (West).
G. N. Barnes Glasgow (Blackfriars).
J. Keir Hardie Merthyr.

* Previously a member.



Mr. George Greenwood, Labour Member for Peterborough.

LIBERAL-LABOUR CANDIDATES.
*John Burns Battersea.
*Richard Bell Derby.
W. C. Steadman Finsbury (Central).
*W. R. Cremer Haggerston.
John Ward Stoke-on-Trent.
Henry Vivian Birkenhead.
A. Richardson Nottingham (S.).
T. Summerbell Sunderland.
J. H. Wilson Middlesbrough.

MINERS' CANDIDATES.
*Thomas Burt Monmouth.
John Wilson Durham (Mid.).
*F. Richards Monmouthshire (West).
*F. Hall Normanton (Yorkshire).
*W. Abraham Rhondda (Glam.).
E. Edwards Hanley.
*John Johnson Gateshead.
W. Johnson Nuneaton.
* Previously a member.

LIFE STORIES IN BRIEF OF THE LABOUR RANK AND FILE.

From day to day the *Daily Express* has given some interesting details of the careers of the Labour members, which we are kindly permitted to reproduce below:—

Mr. Richard Bell is an excellent type of the level-headed Labour leader. He



Mr. W. Hudson, Labour Member for Newcastle-on-Tyne.

was born at Merthyr in 1859. He entered the service of the Great Western Railway, becoming associated with the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants soon after. Qualifying as head guard, and stationed at Swansea, he was appointed secretary of the local institution. He left the railway in 1891, and a post as organising secretary was given him. When the general secretaryship was vacant, he was appointed to it in 1897.

Mr. C. W. Bowerman was born in 1851, and served an apprenticeship in a London office. He has been a member of the London Society of Compositors since 1873; appointed news secretary, 1889; general secretary, 1892; delegate at every Trade Union Congress, excepting Norwich. On Parliamentary Committee, 1897-04; president of Swansea Congress, 1901; alderman of the L.C.C., 1901; has served on several committees at Spring Gardens.

Mr. T. Burt has been in Parliament thirty years. He worked in the coal mines at the age of ten, has been a Labour organiser for many years, and has done much conciliating and arbitrating. He was one of the British delegates to the International Conference at Berlin in 1890, was Under Secretary to the Board of Trade in the Administration of 1892-5. He was President of the Trade Union Congress at Newcastle in 1891, and has for long years advocated international peace and personal temperance.

Mr. W. P. Byles is son of Mr. William Byles, founder of *Bradford Observer*. M.P. Shipley Division of Yorkshire, 1892-95; some time owner of *Bradford Observer*. An advanced Liberal.

Mr. William Crooks has been a workhouse lad and Mayor of Poplar. He was born at Poplar, 1852. Apprenticed to a cooper, "had a struggle to find work because of his trade unionist principles," says the *Reformers' Year-book*. In 1867, elected trustee of the parish, and library commissioner for Poplar; in 1893 became a guardian; still sits as L.C.C. member for Poplar; is on the Metropolitan Asylums Board; and was Mayor of the Borough of Poplar. Added to his honours by winning the seat at Woolwich for the Labour party by the magnificent majority of 3,329 in 1903.

Mr. C. J. O'Donnell, a retired member of the Indian Civil Service, and was commissioner of two northern divisions of Bengal, with 12,000,000 inhabitants. Author of "The Ruin of an Indian Province" and "The Failure of Lord Curzon," a severe criticism of the policy of the late Viceroy.

Mr. Charles Duncan, who was born at Middlesbrough in 1865, was apprenticed to the engineering trade, afterwards serving some time at the Elswick Ordnance Factory at Newcastle; returning to Middlesbrough in 1890, he threw himself into Labour work; during the depression of 1895 organised relief for the unemployed, himself being out of work. Later he came to London to accept the presidency of the Workers' Union. In 1900 he was appointed general secretary without opposition; was on Middlesbrough Town Council and Board of Guardians; president of the Marylebone branch of the Engineers.

Mr. E. Edwards was born at Talk-o'-the-Hill, Staffordshire, 1852. At nine entered colliery; 1870, joined and was made treasurer of Lodge of N. Staff. Miners' Association; 1877, secretary of the association; 1884, went to Burslem; 1886, elected to the school board and town council, is now alderman, and has been Mayor of Burslem; same year appointed president of Midland Miners' Association; 1889, general treasurer of Miners' Federation of Great Britain; and was elected president. Is on the Staffordshire County Council; has stood for Hanley before.

Mr. G. George Greenwood is the second son of the late John Greenwood, Q.C., of



Photo, Park.

Mr. Will Thorne, Labour Member for West Ham (South).

the Western Circuit, and for many years Solicitor to the Treasury. John Greenwood was Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, a Liberal, and wrote against the Corn Laws when the Free Trade movement had hardly commenced. Mr. G. G. Greenwood was born in 1850. He was educated at Fion and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gained a foundation scholarship in 1871, and Declaration Prize, 1872.

Mr. James Keir Hardie worked hard in the Scotch coal mines when he was only seven years old. He has been President of the Ayrshire Miners' Union, unsuccessful candidate for Mid-Lanark, M.P. for West Ham, and a leading astrophysicist of the House of Commons, through appearing in a cloth cap. The Independent Labour Party sprang from his brain.

Mr. J. Jenkins was apprenticed to two firms of Cardiff shipbuilders. Elected member of Cardiff Shipbuilding Society; year after became president. In 1893 became representative of Bristol Channel District of Associated Shipwrights' Society; 1890, was elected town councillor; 1893, a J.P.; 1895, president of the T.U. Congress at Cardiff; 1903, became Mayor of Cardiff. Is a member of the Local Marine Board. A Wesleyan.

Mr. F. W. Jowett worked in the Brad-



Mr. C. J. O'Donnell, Labour Member for Walworth.

ford mills until twenty-eight. Became manufacturer's manager up to 1901, when he devoted himself to public work. Several years director of Bradford Provident Industrial Society; prominent in formation of I.L.P. branch, and in 1892 became a city councillor, and in 1895 an alderman. Contested the division in 1900, defeated by a narrow margin.

Mr. William Johnson has long worked for the cause of the miners. Born at Chilvers Caters in 1849, keen on municipal work, chairman of Bedworth Parish Council, a county councillor (returned unopposed five times), member of the Rural District Council, a guardian on the Education Committee, has been on executive of Miners' Federation, and on National Conciliation Board.

Mr. John Johnson was born at Wapping, Northumberland, in 1850, and commenced work in the coal mines when only nine years old. Is now financial secretary to the Durham Miners' Association, and a member of the Durham County Council. He was elected for Gateshead, in place of the late Sir William Allan, in January, 1904. Mr. Johnson worked as a miner for thirty



Mr. W. C. Steadman, Labour Member for Finsbury (Central).

years, and for the last quarter of a century he has been a hard worker for the miners of the North of England.

Mr. Fred Maddison sat for the Brightside Division of Sheffield, 1897-1900, and was defeated by Mr. Fitzalan Hope in the last-named year. He has been well known as a strongly built, clear-voiced, ready-tongued Labour speaker. He worked as a compositor after attending the Adelaide Street Wesleyan school at Hull, became President of the Trade Union Congress in 1886, and served six years as a member of the Tottenham School Board.

Mr. James O'Grady became apprenticed to a furniture maker, and later joined the trade union. Travelled all over England, returned to Bristol in 1890 to pursue hard Socialist and municipal work. Elected on City Council; instrumental in obtaining scholarships for public schools. Was president of Trade Congress at Bristol, 1898. Organiser of the National Amalgamated Furnishing Trades' Association.

Mr. T. F. Richards settled in Leicester in 1882, became a "laster" in the boot trade, joined the union, 1885; 1892, junior vice-president; 1894, vice-president of

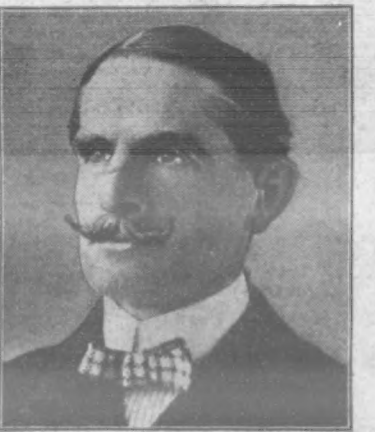


Mr. G. H. Roberts, Labour Member for Norwich.

Leicester No. 1 branch; 1897, president; in 1894 was elected to Leicester Town Council; was selected by his union as prospective candidate in 1898, and unanimously adopted by the Wolverhampton workers in 1903. A Socialist propagandist.

Mr. Arthur Richardson was educated at National School and at Magnus Grammar School, Newark-on-Trent. At seventeen was apprenticed to Messrs. E. Swann and Co., grocers, Nottingham; at twenty, became wholesale representative; after fifteen years' work took over the business. Is a prominent Methodist.

Mr. G. H. Roberts was in 1880 monitor at St. Stephen's National Schools, Norwich. In 1883, apprenticed to the printing trade, afterwards returning to London; came into touch with trade unionism, and on return to Norwich furthered local branch of Typographical Association; was its president for several years, then secretary, and in 1904 became organiser; 1886, joined I.L.P.; elected to Norwich School Board, 1899; in 1903 was adopted Labour candidate, fighting a strenuous battle in last year's three-cornered contest. Is an able speaker.

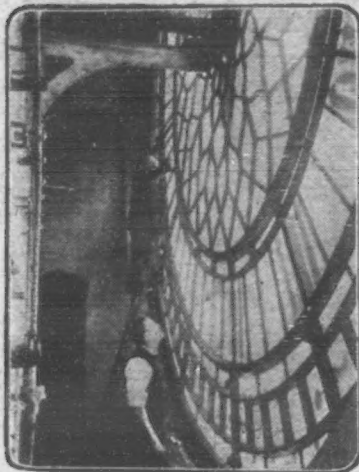


Mr. Charles Duncan, Labour Member for Barrow-in-Furness.



By kind permission of "The Morning Leader."

J. C. (at the window): "Watchman, what of the night?"
A. B. (out in the cold): "Rotten!"



Photo, Sturde.

Preparing for Parliament: Cleaning the inside of the face of "Big Ben."

Mr. W. C. Steadman is one of London's leading Labour leaders. Apprenticed to the barge-building trade, following that calling until 1892, when elected to London County Council. He has been secretary of Barge-builders' Union since 1892, and secured some uniformity in wages and hours. Successfully engineered a strike in 1890 for better conditions. First public appointment was on Mile End Vestry.

Mr. T. Summerbell is a miner's son, and was born in 1861 at Seaham Harbour. Started work as grocer, afterwards becoming printer; engaged in many northern towns until commencing business for himself in Sunderland; seventeen years connected with Typographical Society; twenty-three years Trades Council; helped to found the Labourers' Union.

Mr. Will Thorne has been on the Trade Union Parliamentary Committee for ten years; has attended three international congresses. Hard worker on the West Ham Town Council; he was leader of the Labour party when it had a majority, and in 1899 was deputy-mayor. His constituency has returned Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Joseph Leicester. He is an S.D.F. man, his programme is Democratic, and he has worked hard for the gasworkers.

Mr. Henry Vivian is a carpenter and joiner by trade, a member of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners' Trade Union, a strong Free Trader, and is on the committee of the Cobden Club. He holds that we should tackle the housing and land problems (urban and rural), and deal vigorously with the educational needs of the nation. Mr. Vivian is a good speaker, and has done a good deal of work in trade union propaganda in the North of England.

Mr. Stephen Walsh was left an orphan, and was educated at Kirkdale Industrial Schools. In 1874 he went to work at Ashton-in-Makerfield, and continued as miner until 1889. Became trade unionist, organized Ashton branch of the Lances, and Cheshire Miners' Federation, helped Sam Woods in his 1892 contest at Ince. Before removal to Wigan as miners' agent in 1901 was for eight years on Town Council of Ashton. He succeeded Mr. Thomas Aspinwall, who unsuccessfully contested Wigan in 1895 and 1892.

Mr. Wilkie is a Newcastle town councillor and general secretary of the Associated Shipwrights' Society. He is a Free Trader, and, though not a prohibitionist, is in favour of local veto.

Mr. J. Havelock Wilson was born at Sunderland, 1858. Went to America, and on return joined North of England Sailors' and Sea-going Firemen's Friendly Association; 1887, founded National Amalgamation Sailors' and Firemen's Union; has led several strikes, and in 1891 was imprisoned at Cardiff for six weeks on a charge of "unlawful assembling"; 1892, sat for Middlesbrough; re-elected in 1895.

Mr. John Wilson worked in the quarries at Stanhope when he was ten years old.

Then he went down into the coal mines at Ludworth Colliery, then to sea, then back to the mines, and then off to Pennsylvania and Illinois, and back to Durham, where he has made himself an honoured name. He is a teetotaler, a Methodist preacher, one of the founders of the Miners' Association, and one of the pillars of the Durham Miners' Union. He went with Sir Lyon Playfair and Mr. Gremer to America in 1887 to submit trade union views on the question of International Arbitration.

L.C.C. IN PARLIAMENT.

Amongst the many striking features of the Election is the return of so many members of the London County Council.

In the last Parliament the central municipal body of the metropolis was represented by four members in each House. The representation in the Upper House remains the same, but, so far, no fewer than twenty-five Councillors have found seats in the Lower House, says the *Evening Standard*. The list is headed by the chairman, and of the other Councillors who are now members of either one House or the other seven of them have passed the chair.

The list is set out below:—

House of Lords: Earl Carrington, Lord Leigh, Lord Welby, and Lord Monkswell. House of Commons: Mr. J. Burns, Mr. A. A. Allen, Mr. J. A. Baker, Mr. J. W. Benn, Mr. C. W. Bowerman, Mr. C. Goddard Clarke, Mr. J. W. Cleland, Mr. S. Collins, Sir W. Collins, Mr. G. J. Cooper, Sir E. A. Cornwall, Mr. W. Crooks, Mr. T. Davies, Mr. W. H. Dickinson, Mr. E. J. Horniman, Mr. R. S. Jackson, Mr. G. H. Radford, Mr. J. E. Sears, Mr. W. C. Steadman, Mr. B. S. Straus, Mr. J. Stuart, Mr. A. M. Torrance, Mr. D. S. Waterlow, Mr. T. Wiles, and Mr. T. McKinnon Wood.

All the Councillors who are now members of the House of Commons have been returned for London constituencies with seven exceptions. Mr. Benn sits for Devonport, Mr. Torrance, Mr. McKinnon Wood, and



Photo, Frith.

THE NEW LABOUR CLUB: The House of Commons' Library.

Mr. Cleland for three divisions of Glasgow, and Mr. Allen, Mr. Sears, and Mr. Stuart also represent constituencies outside the metropolis.

Never have so many members of the Council been M.P.s at the same time. They are all on the Progressive side of the Chamber, the only

two Moderate members of the Council who sought election having been defeated.

Such a large party is likely to make its influence felt when legislation promoted by the London County Council comes up for consideration.

danger the country runs of being misrepresented, and this danger is certain to increase with the growing activity of the Labour party and of other sectional groups.

CANADA AND

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

A great tribute to Mr. Chamberlain is paid by the Canadian Press, irrespective of party, from one end of the Dominion to another.

The *Montreal Herald* (Liberal) says the polling in Birmingham must be taken as the highest tribute ever paid to a British public man. "The rushing current swirled everywhere about, but one rock stood firm. Mr. Chamberlain increased his own majority and held six other constituencies solid."

The *Toronto Mail* (Conservative), in an article headed "Chamberlain's Great Triumph," says:—"It is a notification to the Empire beyond the sea that the advances of Britons living far from the centre of activity are not viewed with disfavour, but that on the contrary, there is a body of public opinion in Britain which looks for a better and closer union."

Other papers comment as follows: *Montreal Star* (Independent): "Clearly Mr. Chamberlain will be the fighting leader of the Opposition in the new House of Commons. All his kind and loyal words cannot again elevate Mr. Balfour to the pedestal from which he has been so rudely tumbled. Mr. Chamberlain can only name the new leader on condition that he names himself."

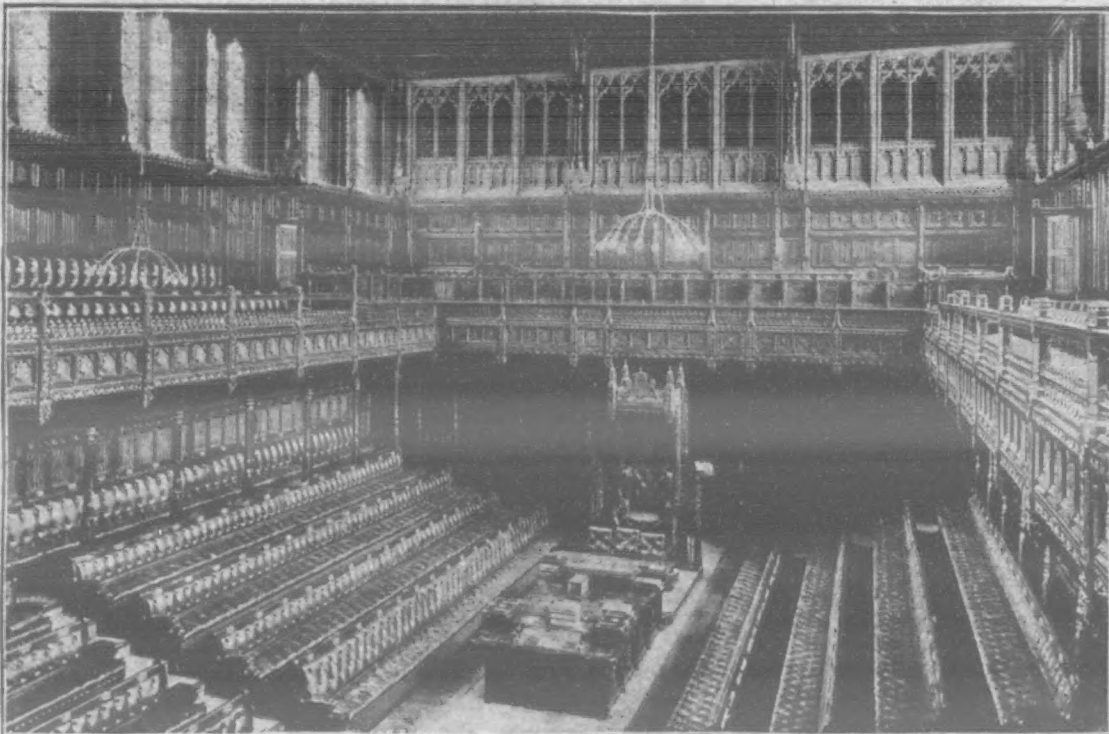
Montreal Witness (Independent): "Mr. Chamberlain is the real leader, and nobody else can be."

Halifax Herald (Conservative): "It is not Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy, but the failure of Mr. Balfour to join him, that has caused the defeat of the party."

St. John Telegraph (Independent): "The result of the Election is that Birmingham's statesman will lead the Opposition."

St. John Sun (Independent): "Mr. Chamberlain is now leader of the Opposition."

Toronto News: "All the fingerprints of British political history point to Mr. Chamberlain being the Prime Minister."

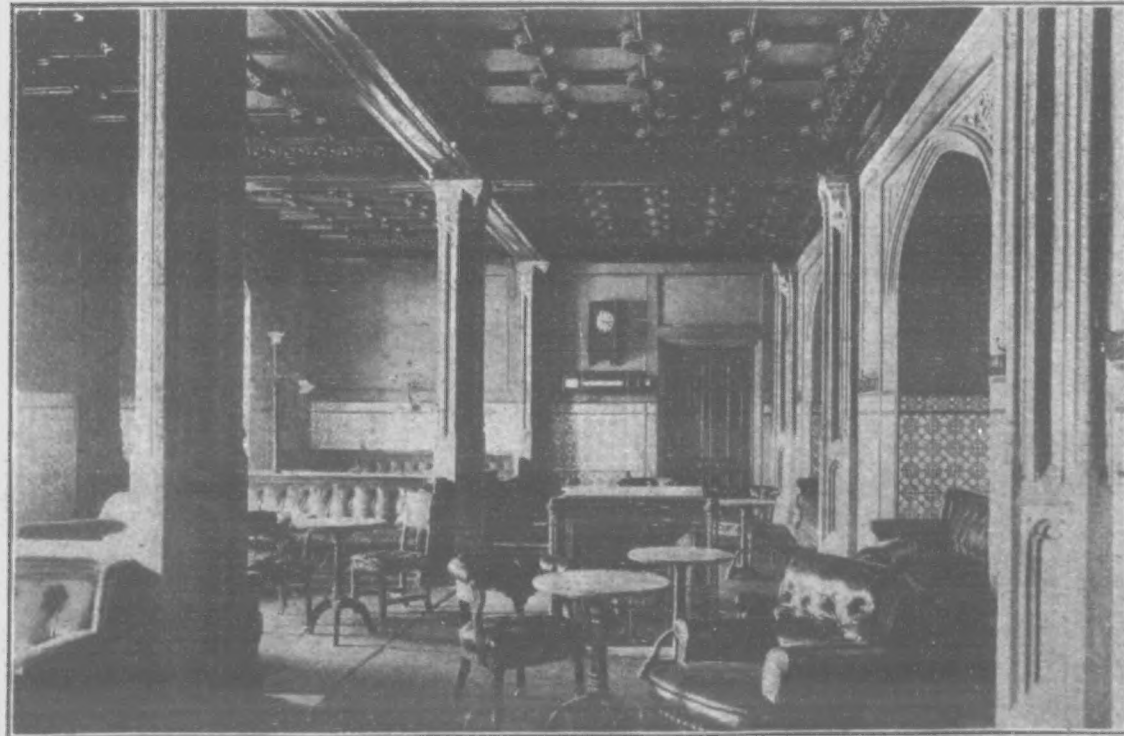


Photo, Frith.

THE NEW LABOUR CLUB: The interior of the House of Commons. It is customary for the Labour Members to sit with the Irish Members and the Opposition on the left of the Speaker's chair.

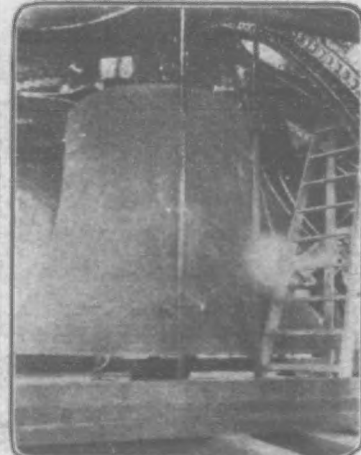
THE SECOND BALLOT.

One of the reforms which are indicated by the present Elections as eminently desirable is the establishment of the second ballot, to deal with the difficulty created where three candidates are competing for one seat, says a writer in the *Daily Graphic*. Already in the course of the present Election it has more than once happened that the candidate returned to Parliament represents only a minority of the electors who have recorded their votes. With the second ballot this would be impossible. Wherever the system of the second ballot prevails, as it does all over the Continent, no candidate can be elected unless he secures an absolute majority of the recorded votes—that is, half plus one. Consequently, where three or more candidates are competing, and the foremost fails to obtain an absolute majority, a fresh election is held and confined to the two candidates who were first and second respectively. Under this system it is impossible for a minority, like the Labour party in this country, to obtain success merely by bluff. A dozen candidates may go to the poll if they like, but by means of the second ballot the electors have an infallible means of picking out the one candidate who commands the approval of the majority. The objection to a second ballot is, of course, the expense; but that is a small matter compared with the



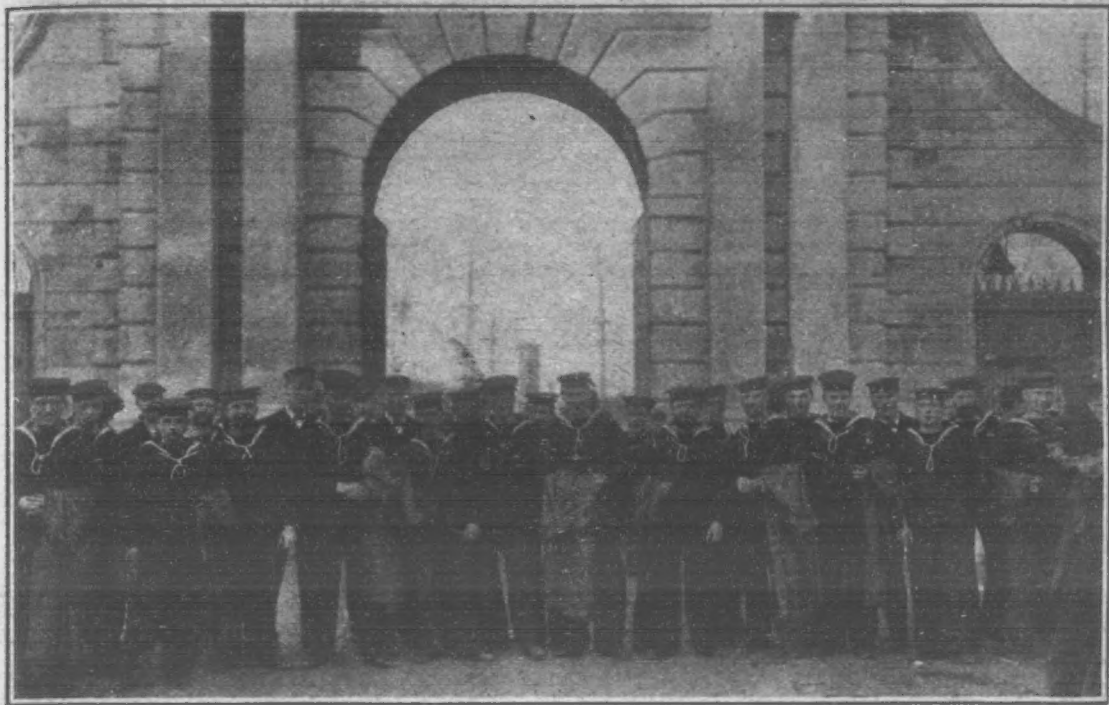
Photo, Frith.

THE NEW LABOUR CLUB: The Terrace smoking-room in the Houses of Parliament.



Photo, Sturde.

Preparing for Parliament: The bell in the interior of "Big Ben" at Westminster.



THE ELECTION AT PORTSMOUTH: The sailors were given a day's holiday on shore last week to enable them to vote.

Street Fighting in Hamburg.

Serious disorders have occurred here in connection with a Socialist demonstration against the electoral laws, says the Hamburg correspondent of the *Daily Mail*. A great mob of workmen surrounded the police in the poorer quarters of the town and bombarded them with sticks, stones, and bottles. Many windows were broken, street lamps were smashed, tramway cars upset, and barricades erected.

A body of police two hundred strong, partly mounted, were sent against the mob, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued. About three hundred rioters were severely injured, and fifteen constables incapacitated. The damage is estimated at £5,000.

A small street leading to the fish market called Schoppenstehl became the scene of wild disorder. Barricades, composed of shop signs, ladders, advertisement boards, and hoardings were erected, and in many cases were set alight. Twenty constables were injured and one killed.

When the mob finally dispersed the Schoppenstehl resembled a battlefield, hardly a single shop having escaped unscathed.

A Happy Suggestion.

As a motto for Sir W. H. Wills, who has recently been raised to the peerage, *Punch* suggests "Deus vult" (the Lord wills).

Saved by a Dog.

While several children were returning from school in the neighbourhood of Milford, co. Donegal, a boy of about nine missed his footing and toppled over the edge of a steep cliff which gradually slopes for the first thirty feet and then dips abruptly to a depth of about sixty feet. As the child reached the actual precipice a dog owned by the boy's father rushed to the spot, and, seizing the child by part of his clothing, held him fast until he was rescued from his perilous position.



Photo, Press Studio.

The late George Jacob Holyoake, the founder of the Co-operative Society.



Photo, Topical.

TWINS AT THE ALTAR: An extraordinary wedding took place recently at the Church of Ste-Marie-des-Batignolles. Two twin brothers on that day married twin sisters. They were attended by two twins as best men. The bridegrooms are MM. Alphonse and Gabriel Chanteau, both well-known artists. They are so alike that their nurse could only distinguish them by tying coloured ribbons to their arms, and they are still constantly mistaken for each other. The twin brides' resemblance is equally disconcerting. They were Mlles. Genéviève and Suzanne Renaud.

Hearing Restored by Accident.

William Wilkinson, sixty-seven years old, who has been deaf for many years, had his hearing restored last week by a street accident in Leeds.

He was trying to cross a road, when he was knocked down by a horse.

He sustained serious injuries to his head, and his nose was broken, but when he recovered consciousness he discovered that he could hear.

A Popular Pantomime Song.

One of the most popular pantomime songs this season is "Buttercups and Daisies," which is to be heard, among other places, at Birmingham, Sheffield, Sunderland, Liverpool, Gateshead, Hull, and Bath.

The song was specially composed for Miss Winifred Hare, who sings it in the dainty fashion which characterises all this charming artist's work.

At Gateshead Mr. J. Bannister Howard is responsible for the production of "Aladdin," one of the prettiest pantomimes in the provinces, and Miss Nellie Barnwell, in the character of Pekoe, sings "Buttercups and Daisies" to the delight of the large audiences which have been thronging the King's Theatre.

"Buttercups and Daisies" is a charming melody suitable for all voices, easy to sing as well as to play. It is published in Pearson's 6d. Music, to be obtained from all music-sellers, newsagents, and bookstalls, or post free on receipt of seven stamps from the publishers: Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., 17 and 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

P.I.P. SNAPSHOTS.

Polling day at Brentford crowded the tramcars to such an extent that hundreds could not find seats. The difficulty is shared by many Unionist candidates.

The man who wishes to take a theatre in London (says a morning paper) finds it impossible in most cases to treat with the proprietor or original lessee of the theatre. He is forced to make terms with the sub-sub-sub-lessee.

If this sort of thing goes on we may expect a situation something like this:

Actor Manager: (to Secretary): "Have you made arrangements for me to enter into the tenancy of the Frivolity?"

Secretary: "I saw the present tenant, and he referred me to his landlord. I went there, and he referred me to Mr. Leaseholder, who sent me to the sub-sub-sub-lessee from whom he rents it."

Actor Manager: "Well?"

Secretary: "Late last night I saw the last of these, Mr. Holdall, who said he would endeavour to let me know the name of the actual landlord, whose permission is necessary." (Opens envelope that a boy has just brought in.)



Photo, Park.

Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., leader of the new Labour Party.

Actor Manager: "Is that the information?"

Secretary: "Yes, sir. It's all right; you'll be able to produce the play at the Frivolity. Mr. Holdall says here that he rents the house from you."

Actor Manager: "Thank Heavens! I had a vague idea that I had some connection with that theatre!"

Seven miles of paper were used to print the Unionist candidate's bills at Gateshead. A good deal of paper will be used for their "bills" after the election.

A Nottingham fish salesman has just received a letter posted in 1872. Evidently the new Postmaster-General is clearing up the arrears of work.

"I doubt very much whether any man in England ought to have two places to live in at the same time," said the Duke of Northumberland to an Isleworth audience. We doubt very much if he could!

Mr. Benn was helped by four of the New Zealand team last week at Battersea. They failed to score.

Overheard in the Strand last week: Cabby (disgustedly looking at the shilling in his hand): "Bloomin' Tariff Reformer, ain't yer?"

Fare: "What do you mean?" Cabby: "Well, you ain't liberal any'ow."

A "mental instructor" is the latest officer suggested for Farnham Workhouse. It is not stated for whom his services are required.

"For professional purposes I omit the 'i' in my name," said a debtor at Camberwell, and Judge Edge retorted, "The order will be made against you with your 'i' knocked out." Yet we say the Bench has little humour.

"I am a Free Trader from the sole of my head," said Sir Wilfrid Lawson last week. Sir Wilfrid is a teetotaler.

CRITICUS.



Photo, E. S. Perkins.

THE ELECTION AT EXETER: Sir Edgar and Lady Helen Vincent starting for a drive through the city.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

With no Cup ties on last Saturday, the League clubs were able to carry out their programme in its entirety, and, as usual, the home sides were successful in the majority of instances. The game of the week was, of course, the meeting between Aston Villa and Birmingham, and the result was a win for the latter by 3 goals to 1. The good folks of the Midland town turned out in force to witness the local battle, and it may be safely said that nearly 50,000 spectators were present. The winners fully deserved their victory, but the game was marred by an accident to Evans, who broke his leg in a collision with Jones.

Preston North End, playing on their own ground, were easily too good for Derby County, whom they beat by 3 goals to 1 at Deepdale; and Manchester City defeated Wolverhampton Wanderers on the latter's ground by the odd goal in five, or, in other words, 3 goals to 2. Woolwich Arsenal, after flattering their supporters by their fine win against Sheffield United, have given one more disappointing display, and Notts County got the better of them at Trent Bridge by 1 goal to nil. It was not a big beating, but at the moment the Plumstead side are badly in need of points.

Bury have made big strides of late, and from being on the bottom rung of the ladder, they are now in a fairly good way of escaping the Second Division. Last Saturday they climbed up another peg by beating Notts Forest. Liverpool did very well to beat Sunderland, even though the match was played at Aigburth, and 2 goals to nil was a fair reflex of the day's play, while Middlesbrough may be congratulated upon drawing with Sheffield Wednesday, for they have done none too well so far.

Playing at home, Newcastle United proved too good for Everton, the margin in favour of the champions being 4 goals to 2. One of the best wins of the series was that of Blackburn Rovers, who overcame Sheffield United at Bramwell Lane, by 2 goals to nil. Another visiting club that was successful was Bolton Wanderers, who got the better of Stoke at the pottery town by 2 goals to 1.

In the Second Division, the principal interest naturally centred in the matches of the four leading clubs, for none of the others appear likely to gain promotion. Bristol City, despite their beating in the English Cup by Brentford, continue to score in League games, and last Saturday they beat Stockport by 7 goals to nil, so that, unless they fall away very much, they look like playing in First League football next season. Manchester United are still second, and lead Chelsea by two points, but the Stamford Bridge club have a game in hand. West Bromwich Albion have also to be considered, for they are only two points behind Chelsea, and have a game more than them to play.

One of the features of the Southern League competition lately has been the consistently good form of Brentford. There is no question

but that the Middlesex County town team are playing better at the moment than at any period since they joined the professional ranks. At Griffin Park last Saturday they soundly thrashed Watford by 3 goals to nil, and the score bears very inadequate testimony to their superiority on the day's play.

Millwall is another team that did well. They entertained the leaders, Fulham, at North Greenwich, and came very near to beating them. At half time they led by 1 goal to nil, but the Fulham side managed to equalise in the second half, and the



TOTTENHAM BEAT BRIGHTON AND HOVE BY 3 GOALS TO 1: A corner against Brighton.

Photo, Bowden.



Photo, Bowden.

TOTTENHAM v. BRIGHTON AND HOVE AT TOTTENHAM: A clever throw-in.

match was drawn. Tottenham Hotspur are doing well, and the ex-Cup holders beat Brighton and Hove Albion at White Hart Lane. West Ham did very well to draw with Luton on the latter's ground, each side scoring one goal, but Reading went one better by beating Norwich City by 3 goals to 2 at Norwich.

Another club that won away from home was Queen's Park Rangers, who beat Swindon by 2 goals to 1. Portsmouth, on their own ground, proved too good for Bristol Rovers by 2 goals

to 1, and at Northampton, New Brompton beat the home team by 1 goal to nil. Plymouth Argyle and Southampton were engaged in the Western League, the Argyle winning by 2 goals to 1, and on the Monday West Ham United beat Queen's Park Rangers in that competition by 3 goals to nil.

In Rugby circles the chief events were the departure of the New Zealanders and the time-honoured match between Richmond and Blackheath. Taking the match first, it

cannot be said that it resulted in a high-class display, for the ancient rivalry between them and the keenness of the players often caused the finer points of the play to be neglected. Blackheath won, but only by one try to nil.

The "All Blacks" are now on their way home. They left Waterloo for Southampton last Saturday morning, and there took ship for the United States, where they may play a match, but it is more likely that the next time they again don the jersey it

these must be counted payment of liberal expenses.

Shrubb has travelled many thousands of miles in the pursuit of athletic prizes, and what has puzzled most people is as to how he got about. The New Zealand and Australian tour, we know, was guaranteed by the folks down under, but it is difficult to imagine how a man so placed as he was when he began his athletic career could have undertaken the long journeys he made to various parts of the United Kingdom without outside help. I have some knowledge of the matter from personal experience, and am forced to the conclusion that the Amateur Athletic Association could not have acted in any other manner than to expunge his name from the list of amateur runners.

One deep regret I have in referring to the matter is that a club of such standing as the South London Harriers should have been censured for not taking more care of their own interests, but though certain members may have been rather lax, it would require something more than has reached my ears to convince me that the club as a whole would condone such a breach of the laws as is alleged against Shrubb or any other runner, however brilliant. The "irrepressibles" have played a long and honourable part in English athletics, and here's luck to them.

Alfred Shrubb made his first appearance as a professional on Monday last at Olympia. He had Sid. Thomas as an opponent in a two-mile run, and it is stated that he will attempt, in the near future, to lower W. G. George's mile record. Shrubb is a great runner, but I am of opinion that George is a greater—at a mile.

Turning from the politics of athletics to the practical side of the game, the Blackheath Harriers had a most enjoyable match with the United Hospital Hare and Hounds from that particularly cosy hostelry on Blackheath Hill, the Green Man. The course was supposed to be eight miles, but judging from the times it would probably be nearer nine. For instance, E. F. Jackson (Blackheath) took 54min. 33.2-sec. to cover the course, and another good runner in G. C. Birt, of St. Thomas's Hospital, occupied 55min. 15.1-sec. in making the journey. When the figures were counted it was found that the 'Heathens had won by 24 points to 30.

The Finchley Harriers decided their annual ten miles championship and sealed handicap at Neasden last Saturday. In the level race J. R. Muncer was first man home, his time being 64min. 1sec. P. E. Dunmur followed him at an interval of 32sec., and S. C. Long filled the third position. The handicap was won by the second in the level race, with a start of 2min. 30sec., J. K. Kempton and W. G. Weymark being second and third respectively.

The Highgate Harriers have paid another visit to France, and on Sunday last had the satisfaction of beating the Société Athlétique de Montrouge in the match between the sides over a seven and a half miles course. The Frenchmen had some consolation in their defeat by providing the first man home, G. Ragueneau winning in 45min. 6sec. J. G. Coughlin, of the Highgate pack, was second, and T. G. Thomas, of the home club, third. The Englishmen won on points by 35½ to 46½.



Photo, Bowden.

BLACKHEATH BEAT RICHMOND BY 3 POINTS TO NIL: Richmond passing.



Photo, Bowden.

BLACKHEATH BEAT RICHMOND: Richmond collared and lose possession

will be in Canada. My best wishes go with them, for they have proved themselves a band of real sportsmen, and they have set us a lesson well worth learning. I have seen them play several times, and I say without hesitation that they are the finest Rugby team that ever kicked a football.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

The general committee of the Amateur Athletic Association have decided that the permanent suspension passed upon the ex-amateur champion, Alfred Shrubb, for breach of the amateur laws, shall stand. As a consequence he has decided to take part in the professional races at Olympia. It is difficult not to regret the dropping out of so fine a runner as Shrubb is from the amateur ranks, but one cannot help feeling that the Association has only acted as they should do in the interest of amateur sport. The ruling body are there to put down malpractices, and amongst



Photo, Cribb.

PORTSMOUTH BEAT BRISTOL ROVERS BY 2 GOALS TO 1:
A mix up between W. Smith (Pompey) and J. Clarke (Rovers).

The Badminton Championships of Middlesex.

Sixty-eight players took part in the Middlesex Badminton Championships, which were decided before many spectators, at the Badminton Hall, Ealing, on Saturday, the 6th inst.

The competitors included Miss M. Lucas, the All-England Singles lady champion; Miss E. W. Thomson, ex-champion and well-known lawn tennis player; Miss D. K. Douglass, lawn tennis ex-champion; and Mr. H. N. Marratt, All-England Singles champion, and also a well-known lawn tennis player. Messrs. J. H. E. Hart and G. W. Vidal, who are well

known in sporting circles in India, and who were the pioneers of Badminton in this country, competed in the Veterans' Doubles, in which Messrs. R. H. Abbott and A. V. Cowley successfully defended their title. Miss Thomson and Miss Lucas again won the Ladies' Doubles, but the first named and Mr. G. A. Thomas, who were the holders, were defeated in the semi-final of the Mixed Doubles by Miss Lucas and Mr. S. M. Massey, who were themselves beaten in the final by Miss Hogarth and H. N. Marratt, after an exciting struggle.

The holders of the Gentlemen's Doubles, Messrs. C. T. J. Barnes and S. M. Massey, were beaten in the

first round by Messrs. A. D. Prebble and N. Wood, while the last named were put out in the semi-final by Messrs. Marratt and Thomas, who ultimately won outright.

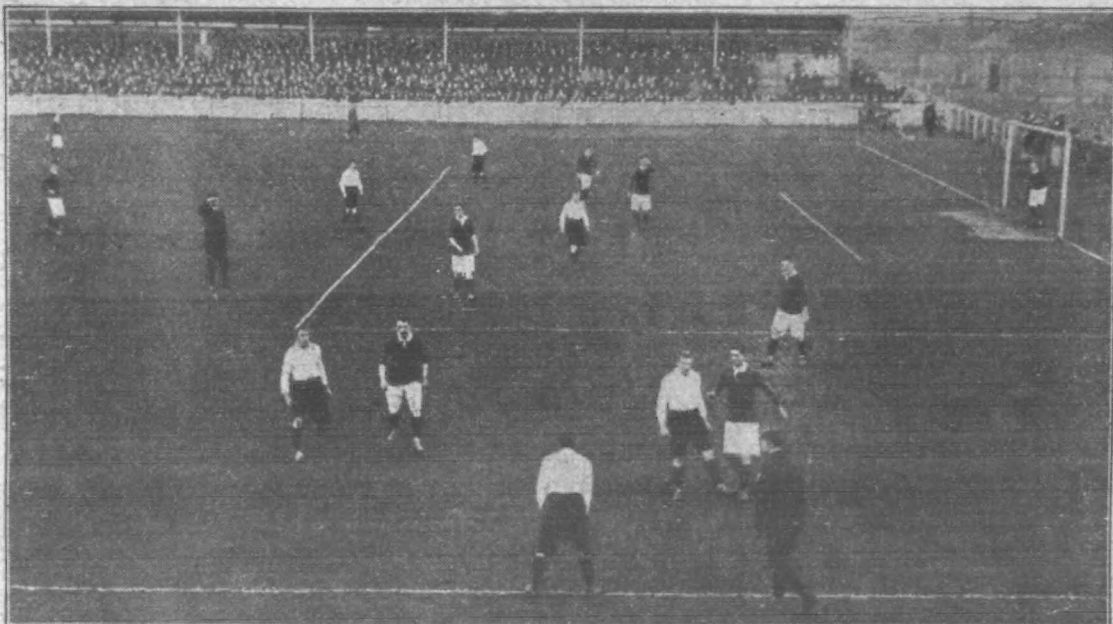
The final rounds resulted as follows:—Ladies' Doubles: Miss Thomson, Budleigh Salterton, and Miss Lucas, Shaldon (holders), beat Miss Bateman, Ealing, and Miss Hogarth, Cheltenham (15/12, 15/5). Veterans' Doubles (one point allowed for every three years above

forty on the average age of each couple): Messrs. R. H. Abbott, Ealing, and A. V. Cowley, Ealing (+4, holders), beat Messrs. J. H. E. Hart, Crystal Palace, and C. J. Eames, Streatham (+6), (15/9, 6/15, 15/12).

Mixed Doubles (holders, Miss Thomson and Mr. G. A. Thomas): Miss Hogarth, Cheltenham, and Mr. H. N. Marratt, Crystal Palace, beat Miss M. Lucas, Shaldon, and Mr. S. M. Massey, Ealing (15/6, 15/0).

Gentlemen's Doubles (holders, Messrs. C. T. J. Barnes and S. M. Massey): Messrs. H. N. Marratt, Crystal Palace, and Mr. G. A. Thomas, Southsea, beat Messrs. E. P. Harrison, Ealing, and E. W. Abbott, Ealing (18/15, 15/1).

It is worthy of mention that Mr. J. H. E. Hart is seventy-three years of age, and that for three out of the four events the challenge bowls and cups were given by Capt. Couper, of Ealing.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

BURY BEAT NOTTS FOREST BY 2 GOALS TO 1: Bury throw in.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Importance of Moisture for Vegetation.

In France it is quite common to find around the vegetable and fruit gardens railings and thick hedges arranged as wind protectors, the chief purpose of which is to prevent the wind sweeping across the surface of the soil and drying it up. In England the observation has been made that, coincident with the removal of hedges and trees from the boundaries of the fruit gardens and fields, the crops seem to have lost some of their former luxuriance, which is attributed to the lessened moisture in the soil. It is estimated that the 1904 drought in Germany inflicted a loss of something like £100,000,000 to German agriculture. This seems enormous, but it is the calculation of Dr. Backhaus, of Berlin, a recognised authority on scientific questions connected with agriculture, and it is partly explained when we consider that the most valuable beet-root crop was only about half an average. The growth on a soil or its covering exercises great influence on the retention of moisture. According to experiments made by Wollery the moisture at the depth of a yard under grass is about 14 per cent., under the fallow 23 per cent., and under farmyard manure 29 per cent. Crops require for their best development varying quantities of moisture; for instance, according to the demonstrations of Adolf Meyer, barley makes the best growth when the top soil is saturated with about 60 per cent. of moisture, and oats develop with most advantage when 90 per cent. of moisture is present. It has also been ascertained that unmanured fields require nearly twice as much moisture as soils which have received the advantage of dressings of farmyard manure or artificials.

Ranunculus.

All the ranunculi are beautiful and very free-flowering; while the knowledge that they will succeed in almost any soil or position, and, if planted any time up to the middle of April, will bloom abundantly during the summer, makes them very useful for cutting. Early in the last century ranunculus was all the rage, and the ranunculus figures were paid for varieties possessing certain points in form and colour that attracted the attention of the fancier. In the present day, however, fashions in flowers have altered to such an extent that what is in great demand one season is hardly required the next. As to its cultivation, the best soil for the finer sorts is a retentive loam from the surface of a good old pasture, with the addition of some well-rotted cow-dung, peat, leaf-mould, and silver-sand, all to be well incorporated before using. It is desirable that the rich soil be placed a few inches below the tubers, and these to be covered with sandy loam. Perhaps the best time for planting is the month of February, as they are somewhat tender, and if planted too early might start from the ground before the danger of severe frost is over, when they would require a great amount of extra care in protection, or there might be a risk of losing the bloom. The ranunculus requires a firm soil, and it is desirable to work up the beds some time before planting, in order that the roots may be placed firmly.

Petrol from Potatoes.

What would happen to the motor-car industry were the supply of petrol to fail or were England to be blockaded?

Retailers of petrol have been faced within the last few weeks with a rise of a penny a gallon in the price of the spirit, and, although manufacturers and motor-omnibus companies—the latter of which consume vast quantities of the fuel—have been able to make special bargains, it is quite conceivable that the price at some future date might be prohibitive.

If industrial alcohol—as apart from

consumable spirits—were freed from duty, it could be used in the specially designed cars of the future, and show many advantages over petrol.

Mr. J. B. King, secretary of the British Empire Motor Trades Alliance, supports the suggestion made by an Irish motorist—namely, to give a big impetus to agriculture by making alcohol from potatoes, both in England and Ireland, and thus make the United Kingdom self-supporting in the matter of fuel.

In the Country.

A basket of crimson daisies, with the blooms as perfectly formed as though they had matured normally in springtime, was received last week by a West End florist from Exeter. Cowslips are growing in the open at Swanage, and a thrush has been found sitting on a nest of eggs at Lulworth.

The mildness of the season at Ryde is demonstrated by the fact that asparagus has been cut in the open air during the last week.

Bloodhounds have been used in the search for a farmer who disappeared after attending Pomeroy Fair, Tyrone, a fortnight ago.

Mr. Green, President of the London Anglers' Association, has captured, at Fortingall, Perthshire, a 26lb. salmon, the largest, so far, of the present season.

Propagation of Gloire de Lorraine Begonia from Leaves.

Plants raised from leaf cuttings, rooted quite early make by far the finest plants, says a writer in *Gardening Illustrated*. Not only are begonias of this class raised and reared in the early half of winter larger than those propagated later, they have also grown into better formed and more evenly balanced plants, are stouter and bushier, and, in consequence, less liable to quickly succumb to the hardships of dwelling-house plant life. These plants propagated early from leaf-cuttings show a great profusion of bloom, more dense and evenly spread, than do plants raised from soft wood cuttings. Fully-grown leaves, sound and healthy, are taken here and there from the thickest plants. They are cut so that a piece of the leaf-stalk, from a quarter-inch to half-inch long, remains on the leaf. This goes into the sand, and, when thoroughly firmed, holds the leaf in an almost upright position, its base touching the sand. A covering of sashes over the bench for several weeks, thus making it a regular propagating case, is not absolutely necessary, but, if rightly managed, will help considerably in gaining a start. Its office is to keep the cuttings close and to assist in holding a steady, uniform moisture in the sand. To exclude air entirely for any length of time would cause

many or all the leaves to damp off, and for this reason some air should at all times be admitted.

Small Holdings for Farmers.

A practical solution of the "back-to-the-land" problem is to be attempted by a landowner in one of the eastern counties, who wishes to establish a number of small holdings on a portion of his property with active young men as tenants.

The offer is made through Mr. Col-lingwood Charlton, of 1, Orwell Terrace, Dovercourt, at one time hon. secretary of the agricultural organisation, and a well-known writer on the subject of small holdings.

Mr. Charlton writes to the *Express* regarding the terms under which the holdings are to be apportioned.

Applications are desired from

eligible young men with small capital who would desire to become tenants under conditions which will ensure to them practical security of tenure and fixity of rent.

"Arrangements will also be made," writes Mr. Charlton, "whereby the selected tenants can avail themselves of the use of further capital to enable them to erect their houses and buildings, to plant and to stock their holdings."

"It is realised that there are many desirable young men, from lack of such opportunities of self-advancement, forced to emigrate who would gladly remain and take up land in England under the proposed conditions."

"I shall be pleased to furnish any inquirer with further particulars and an application form on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope."



Drawn by G. M. Payne.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE: "We fear that Mr. Willy Weary, the eminent free-fooder, is in danger of losing his seat."—The Woflesbury Weekly.



Photo, Knowles.

A Lancashire Hero: A brave old salt, who has helped to save 300 lives. Thomas Clarkson, who has just retired from the coxswainship of the Lytham life boat.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

The London Pavilion bill was further strengthened on Monday last by the appearance of "Strongfort," who for the past few weeks has been astonishing vast audiences at Olympia. It is said that Rome in her palmiest days never possessed a more perfect specimen of manhood. Nature has endowed him with the strength of a Hercules and the physical beauty of Apollo. The Berlin National Art



Photo, Foulsham & Benfield.
Mr. Edmund Payne in the "Spring Chicken" at the Gaiety Theatre.

Gallery possesses his marble statue, modelled and erected at the request of the German Government by Professor Louis Tuaillon, the famous sculptor of Rome. A marvellous feat of lifting a dumb-bell weighing 312lb. with one hand above his head at arm's-length is one of the chief features of his "turn," and this he defies any other living man to accomplish. A truly wonderful performance, which must be seen to be believed.

A very fine sketch is included in the Hackney Empire programme this week. Mr. A. C. Lilly appears in the stirring military play "Drummed Out," which may be described as a drama in a nutshell. As a representation of barrack life it is realistic, the plot is well conceived, pathos and humour are happily blended, and the sketch is most admirably staged in every particular. Mr. A. C. Lilly impersonates Troop Sergeant-major Usher. There are two scenes, "The Guard-room of the 17th Lancers" and "The Barrack Square." Briefly, the episode is the story of how a young sergeant marries without permission, and his wife has to live out of barracks in consequence. The Troop Sergeant-major is in love with the Sergeant's wife, and, out of jealousy, brings about the degradation of his successful rival. Later, he endeavours to utterly ruin the hero by falsely accusing him of theft, but Usher is found out by the lovable little son of the Colonel. In the end he is drummed out of the regiment. The humour of the sketch is supplied by an old Irish woman, who is seeking her grandson, a drummer-boy named Tommy.

Patriotic songs are always popular, provided they have a catchy air. "A Soldier in the Royal Army," which has just made its appearance on the bookstalls, is likely to prove an immense success, for not only is the music bright and swinging, but the words are stirring and clever. "A Soldier in the Royal Army" is the latest number of Pearson's Sixpenny Music, a series which is published in conjunction with the *Express*, and has won a high place in the estimation of the public. The song is to be had at all music-sellers, news-vendors, and railway bookstalls for sixpence. If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining it locally, a copy will be sent, post free, for seven stamps by the publishers, C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.



Photo, Hutchinson & Scudsen.

MISS RUBY RAY, the latest portrait of the charming actress, now playing in "The Catch of the Season."

A week after the conclusion of the Drury Lane pantomime Mr. Harry Fragon and Miss May de Sousa begin a ten weeks—or perhaps longer—season at the New Royalty. It is quite possible that they will appear in a two-act operetta by M. de Féraudy, the author of "Pour Elle." Nothing can be stated with certainty, but this is a strong probability.

Mr. Gaston Mayer wants to present at the New Royalty a very refined musical piece, very much on the lines of that given at the Théâtre des Capucines in Paris. Of course, Mr. Harry Fragon will give his famous piano sketches. Later they may appear in a "straight" comedy. Mr. Mayer has many manuscripts under consideration, and it will be very interesting to see these two famous artists in legitimate comedy.

"We have had," says Mr. Mayer, reverting to the operetta, "a good deal of musical comedy and musical sketch-work, but not quite the kind of thing I contemplate for Mr. Fragon and Miss de Sousa. M. de Féraudy—in my judgment one of the finest actors in the world—is quite experienced in this class of work, and he has written many things for Mr. Fragon. But I am unable to say with certainty what the new company will open with."

There will be a summer season at the Court this year. Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker will revive "You Never Can Tell," with Mr. Henry Ainley in Mr. Granville Barker's part of Valentine and Miss Lillah McCarthy as Gloria. Otherwise the cast will be identical with that of its last performance.

"The Superior Miss Pellender," Sidney Bowkett's new three-act comedy presented by Mr. Cyril Maude at the Waldorf Theatre, has received an enthusiastic reception. Below are some of the press comments:—

"An agreeably anodyne trifle, gaily told, and charmingly acted."—*Times*.

"More of a drawing-room charade than a comedy, vague sketchiness, elegant puerility."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"The play turns round one rather monotonous situation, but it pleased the audience, and there seemed no serious reason why it should not."—*Tribune*.

"One basks in the sunshine of this bright and amusing little piece."—*Standard*.

"Rather distressingly too much of the tea-cup-and-saucer brand, but neatly enough written."—*Daily Graphic*.

when Rembrandt painted the celebrated "Anatomy Lesson." A brief extract from Hope Rea's interesting little volume on the life of the great Dutch artist may throw some light on the subject: "With the curious lack of sensibility in certain realms of sentiment which, with all their virtues, marked the Netherlands at that time (early in the seventeenth century), admission to the anatomy theatres was not confined to the students, but the demonstrations of the professors became semi-public, fashionable functions, frequented by gentlemen and ladies who had no professional connection whatsoever with the medical school. The theatres themselves grew to be museums, and as time went on were decorated by portraits of celebrated surgeons."

Perhaps it would be stretching a point beyond the compass of its elasticity to suggest that from these "anatomy tragedies" there dropped the seed of a nature which cannot decide whether it wants to operate upon the body or the mind! Sir Charles Wyndham (who, by the way, is doing splendid business with "Captain Drew on Leave") was, as everyone now probably knows, a surgeon in his younger days—an Army surgeon who had plenty of work to his hand in the American Civil War; the late Arthur Dacre was a doctor on one of the liners; and (though this is relating merely to family blood) Mr. R. C. "Carton," actor and dramatist, is a brother of Sir Anderson Critchett, the famous oculist. Mr. H. H. Morell, at one time the partner of Mr. Mouillot, and as a youth a player of "Johnnie parts," is the son of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie; and the girls on the stage who are daughters of men of medicine or surgery are too numerous to reckon up.

Mlle. de Djo, who is at present appearing at the Palace Theatre in a new series of dances, entitled, "Indescribable," had an exciting but profitable experience during her late tour in South Africa. While showing at the Tivoli, Cape Town, she and a party of friends started very early one morning to climb to the top of Table Mountain. Everything went well until soon after lunch (which, of course, they had to take with them), when suddenly the whole of the mountain was enveloped in a thick, heavy cloud, worse than a London fog. The only thing they could do was to sit tight, being afraid to go forward or backwards. And there they sat until the following morning, when they were suffering terribly from the cold and want of food. It took them over two hours to reach Cape Town, by which time half the town had got wind of the affair, and turned out in hundreds to welcome her back.



Photo, Dover Street Studios.

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM in "Captain Drew on Leave."



Photo, Foulsham & Benfield.

MISS ISABEL JAY, who is playing a leading part in "The White Chrysanthemum" at the Criterion.

LUNCH-HOUR AT WOOLWICH -
ARSENAL WORKMEN RACING FOR A GOOD PLACE
TO HEAR "WILL CROOKS" SPEAK.



GIVE VOTES
TO
WOMEN

A SKETCH
IN POPULAR



A LADY
CANVASSER

(HE WHO HESITATES IS LOST - OR RATHER - WON!)

IN BATTERSEA - SELLING
BUNCHES OF LILIES OF
THE VALLEY AND
VIOLETS.

"JOHN BURNS"
FAVOURITE
FLOWERS



A CHELSEA COSTERMONGER'S JOKE
WITH A HOMEMADE COFFIN.



HUNDREDS OF CONSTITUENTS BEING DRIVEN TO THE POLL
"GO THE LONGEST WAY GUYNOR!"

A SKETCH
IN FULHAM.



AN INCIDENT FROM
HAILSHAM
(SUSSEX).



DISCUSSING THE SITUATION IN A WOOLWICH LABOUR CLUB.

DUDLEY CLEAVER, OG.

ELECTIONEERING INCIDENTS. Sketched last week by a "P.I.P." Artist.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

"VERY pleasant, but slow!" That is the verdict which the up-to-date, swiftly-moving person pronounces concerning the simple-minded people who come in contact with her. There is just a shade of pity—or is it contempt?—in the tone of voice in which the opinion is expressed. These simple people seem out of place in this age of rapid progress!

Poor simple creatures! Have they really no place in this world of hurry-scurry? Most of us regard them as relics of the past; our mental powers have been so sharpened by education and experience that we smile at these quiet, steady-going persons.

No place? We hesitate even in the act of hastily saying, "No!" We must not be too sure about it, the question requires consideration. We have agreed that they are pleasant; are they not also restful—restful to others who are bustling about, so occupied as to seem to have no time for repose?

Have you ever restrained your impetuosity to the extent of passing an afternoon with one or two of these simple people? Then try it!

There is something refreshing about their manner, their tranquil talk! They know something of what is going on, of course, but there are so many things into which they have entered only slightly. And when you talk of those things of which they know so little, their remarks cause you to think, and to ask yourself whether there is so much in the hurly-burly as you had imagined. Is it worth while?

You must go through it, perhaps; your living depends on it; but you go away with the feeling that you would like to pass an hour or two with them more frequently! That afternoon visit with a cup of tea has been very restful, and has given you fresh energy, and has helped you to take a more rational view of life!

They enjoy life, those simple, "slow," out-of-date people! They have their troubles, which they bear bravely. They have a mission, if we can only see it. To come in contact with them is like the pouring of oil on troubled waters!

Why is it that so few of us, comparatively speaking, have any real liking for our daily work? We may take an interest in the labour, or we may not; we may pay the greatest attention to the task in hand, yet—it is a capital YET, so to say! We are glad when the hours of work are over and we can turn our backs on it.

"Which is black Monday?" asked one man quite seriously of another. "Every Monday!" sarcastically replied the second man. This sentiment voices the general feeling. We find a difficulty, slight it may be, in settling down again after the weekly rest. "To be Mondayed" is a common expression. Another wag speaks of the "dally round" instead of the daily round, because, he says, we don't like to set heartily to work. The "Come on" task is another of his parodies, to demonstrate our dilatoriness; the task to be accomplished has to tell us to come on,

more or less forcibly according to circumstances.

No, we are not lazy; it is not that. We do not like to be tied, to be forced to perform certain duties regularly; we should like to do this when we feel in the mood for it, and we would undertake very solemnly to do that other task when—when we felt in the humour!

Now, why can we not make up our minds to acquire a real love for our daily round? Regularity is good for us, to begin with! If it lay within our power to work only when we felt in the mood, we should most probably find ourselves going to that common task more frequently than we had imagined possible! Those who have no need to work find that they must have some occupation and they look for it somewhere, often in the wrong direction!

Further, work is the destiny of mankind; then why not make a virtue of necessity and endeavour to acquire a love for it?

Habit is a powerful thing. We commence a thing with the intention of doing it once now and then, to obtain some comfort or pleasure out of it, and we finally find ourselves



Photo, Frith.

"SCANDAL."—A charming cat study.

THERE is a certain amount of art about packing, and the Hints on woman who travels Packing. about much should take care to learn it. The bad packer not only wastes space, and, therefore, has to drag round

to give it a very crushed appearance, and many things would be quite ruined by such treatment.

My plan of packing is very much that of a Chinese puzzle—each piece must fit into the other, and I begin by putting my books, boots, and other

but bodices are more successfully folded inside out. Creasing is prevented by the use of cap paper between the folds, and, if space will permit, it is well to lightly crumple some paper and stuff it into the sleeves.

For a long journey, when one is likely to be parted from one's trunks for several days it is necessary to use much discretion as to what to pack in one's bag for present use. Even for an all-day journey the matter requires some thought. The bag should contain a second pair of gloves, two or three handkerchiefs, a brush and comb, and a sponge bag containing that luxury to the travel-stained woman, a damp sponge. A soft towel, a cake of soap in case, and many other little details, will readily suggest themselves to the reader.

Just one more hint. It is well to keep a list inside the lid of the trunk of certain necessary things it must contain, for this will save time and thought to the packer.

"If I had to choose a husband for my daughter, and the choice lay between one money or man with inherited Ability? money and another man with energy but no money, I should select the latter!" That was the utterance of a father who had previously admitted that he idolised his daughter and would do anything to secure her happiness. "Not that I think I shall be called upon to make the selection," he added with assumed gravity; "for young people take the decision in their own hands—just as their parents did!"

Pressed to give his reasons, he willingly explained. As a man of the world, he looked askance on young men with inherited money; they have usually been brought up to do nothing in particular, and they often have an idea that they can spend to an unlimited extent. The money is not properly appreciated, and in thousands of cases it has been allowed to slip away and leave the man and the wife in penury. As a rule, such men are not capable of doing anything to maintain or increase the wealth handed down to them; if trouble arise, if investments change in value, they simply have to stand still and take what comes.

The energetic young man without a penny is just the one who is likely to build up a small fortune for himself. Energy and brain are companions; he has a wife to care for, he wishes to rise in the world for her sake as well as for the satisfaction that it gives him to remember that he has done something! Therefore, he has both the inducement and the ability to rise, and he usually does rise. In the majority of instances, the girl who marries a man of this stamp will have reason to be proud and pleased that she did so. This man will make a competence while the other is permitting it to slip from him.

Naturally, the girl's own disposition must be taken into account. She may have to work during the first years, whereas she could have a servant if she married the man with money; but the probability is that she will take a pleasure in aiding her husband to achieve success, and if she entertains that sentiment she will be very happy.

"Yes, I know that there are exceptions to every rule," he concluded; "but I venture to say that you will find my argument correct in the main!"



NAVY TRANSPORT. By Gordon Browne, R.I.

doing it regularly and unable to shake it off.

Why not acquire a habit for work? It is certainly much better to feel that we really cannot do without that common task, than to enter upon the daily round in a manner which justifies the paraphrase of that expression which stands at the head of this article.

more luggage than is necessary, but her carelessness results in all sorts of damage to her wardrobe.

Some people fancy that the great secret of good packing is to roll up the dresses as tightly as possible, and then to fit into the trunk so closely that they cannot shift about. In close packing I have great faith, but to roll up even the most amiably-disposed skirt is apt

heavy but unbreakable properties at the bottom of the trunk. There are sure to be a lot of little crannies and corners to be filled in, and stockings and other soft articles of clothing may be inserted in them, as a sort of cement for this queer mosaic.

I never spare paper, and I wrap it round my books etc., but I prefer linen bags for shoes and boots. By the bye, when space is very limited, it is a good plan to pack these separately, for thus they will fit in more closely.

Any unevenness in the first layer of things disappears in the second, for there I put my linen, and take care to lay it in very smoothly, so that the whole is firm and flat as far as it goes. Next I put in my "woolies," including my dressing gown. These I arrange as carefully as possible, so as to make a safe place for any bottles I happen to have with me. Stopped bottles I cap with a circular piece of kid, held down firmly with an elastic band or a piece of twine, so that there is no fear of the stoppers falling out, and the glycerine, or whatever it may be, deluging everything with which it comes in contact. To prevent the breakage of the bottles, each should be wrapped in paper, and then arranged in the middle of the box among the soft flannel and woven clothing, so that they shall not touch each other.

Dresses, of course, should be at the top of the box, the heavier beneath the lighter ones. Fold the skirts the right way out, for thus only can you ensure smoothness of flounces, etc.;



Photo, Frith.

"IN COMMITTEE."—A charming puppy study.



CHILDREN AND POLITICS: A group of enthusiasts in Southwark.

To peel an orange easily and to get the skin off in one piece, put the orange in front of the fire (inside the fender) for three or four minutes.

The skin will then come off very easily. This is especially useful when you wish to fill the peel with jelly, &c. Just cut the peel round in a straight line before putting the orange down to warm, and the two "cups" will be easily removed and of good shape.

MOTHERS and nurses should provide themselves with a special apron for use when bathing the children. An excellent

A Nursery Apron.

apron, as long and as wide as you like, may be made of white Turkish towel, gathered into a band at the waist, and buttoned at the back. When once the convenience of this apron has been proved, its owner would be sorry to be without it.



Photo, Johnston & Hoffman.
Miss Olive May, who is playing "Emmy Lou," Girdle's niece, in the "Spring Chicken."

THE FOOD OF OUR ANCESTORS.

It is surprising that so wholesome and delicious an article of food as currants is not used more liberally by English housewives and cooks. Not only are the little grape berries splendid as an item in the dessert, either alone or with almonds, nuts, or biscuits, but they may form the base of a great variety of tempting nourishing dishes. In olden times currants were eaten far more freely than now, and our ancestors were by no means a feeble race of people. As a matter of fact, currants contain an abundance of nourishment. They really hold far more material for keeping up the body's vitality and strengthening the nervous system than lean meat. The juice of the currant helps digestion, and is of benefit in many illnesses, particularly those of women and children. Cooked in the following ways, currants will be found a most delightful and beneficial addition to the daily bill of fare:—

CURRENT BREAD.—Sir Francis Laking, the Physician to His Majesty the King, has great faith in currants as food. He regards currant bread as a most nourishing and sustaining article of diet. The recipe given below is one of the best I know for making this bread:—2 lb. flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of salt, 1 oz. of yeast (German), 12 oz. currants. Sieve flour and salt, mix in currants with flour. Make a hole in centre and crumble yeast into it. Add half-pint tepid water, then let it stand for fifteen minutes. Then add another half-pint of tepid water and knead for five minutes. Let this stand in a warm place covered with a cloth for thirty minutes, then make into loaves and let them stand for twenty minutes. Bake in a moderate oven for about thirty minutes.

[Note.—In households where bread is made by any different formula to the above, simply add to the dough 30 parts of currants.]

COLLEGE PUDDING.—Grate the crumb of a twopenny loaf, shred eight ounces of suet, and mix with eight ounces of currants, one of citron chopped fine, a handful of sugar, half a nutmeg, three eggs beaten, yolk and white separately. Mix and make into the size and shape of a goose egg. Put half a pound of butter into a frying pan, and, when melted and quite hot, stew them gently in it over a stove. Turn them two or three times till they are of a fine light brown. Mix a glass of brandy with the butter, and serve with pudding sauce.

Rheumatism.

The most obstinate cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Bronchitis, etc., are at once relieved by rubbing with **Smedley's Chilli Paste**, and, if applied when the first symptoms appear, one application will usually effect a complete cure, and avert what might otherwise be a severe illness. In 1/12, 1/6, & 2/6 bottles from all chemists, or post free from **HIRST, BROOKE, & HIRST, Ltd., LEEDS.**

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Photo, Foulsham & Ransfield.
MISS LILLIAN MCCARTHY AS THERESE in the "Jury of Fate."



Photo, Russell, Wimbledon.
AMATEUR PERFORMANCE OF SOPHOCLES' "ANTIGONE" by the pupils of The Study, Wimbledon.

INGREDIENTS: Three-quarters of a pound of cooked white fish, six ounces of cooked potatoes, two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one dessert spoonful of Plasmon powder, quarter of a gill of water, one whole egg, two yolks of eggs, salt, pepper, and nutmeg.

Method.—Butter a plain pudding mould, sprinkle it with brown crumbs, and boil for two minutes. Free the fish from skin and bones, and chop up small. Rub the potatoes through a sieve. Melt the butter, put in the fish and potatoes, and let it get hot, then add the liquid and Plasmon, the egg and the eggs. Mix well and season to taste. Put the mixture into prepared mould, shake it down well, and bake in a moderately heated oven for twenty-five minutes. Turn out on a hot dish and serve.

Note.—This pudding will be found lighter if the white of egg is whisked stiffly before it is added to the mixture. A tablespoonful of cream will also be found an improvement.

REQUIRED: One quart of white stock two ounces of rice, a gill of milk, one egg, a carrot, parsley.

Indian Soup.
This soup should be made when there is white stock from calf's head, veal, or fowl. First wash the rice in cold water, place in a stew-pan with a quart of white stock, and cook gently for half an hour. Pour the stock into a basin through a wire sieve, and rub the rice through. Return this to the sauce-pan, add a gill of cream, an egg beaten up in a little milk, also slices of carrot cut into fancy shapes, and boiled in salted water. With a wooden spoon stir the soup till it simmers slowly. Let it cook gently for five minutes and serve. If you like cheese, hand some grated Parmesan with this.

INGREDIENTS: Two filleted lemon soles, half a pint of water, two ounces of butter, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, half an ounce of flour, half a lemon, cayenne, and salt. After filleting the soles, stew the bones and heads of the fish in half a pint of water, put the fillets in a flat cutlet-pan with a gill of water, and cook gently for eight minutes. Strain the bones from the stock, dissolve the butter in a sauce-

pan, add the flour and stir over the fire till dissolved. Season with salt and cayenne. By degrees add the fish stock and stir till the sauce is thick. Add the chopped parsley and the juice of the lemon. Place the fillets of fish on a hot dish, pour over the sauce and garnish with slices of tomato, cut lemon, parsley, or anything you have at hand that is suitable.

Cooked as follows will prove both tasty and tender: Cut one pound of dressed tripe into square pieces, and simmer very gently for two hours in one pint of milk and half a pint of water. Take out the tripe and place on a hot dish, thicken the milk with flour, stir while it boils for a few moments, add half a pound of onions, previously boiled and chopped finely. Let all cook together for a quarter of an hour, add a good seasoning of pepper and salt, and serve very hot. Plain boiled potatoes and boiled greens go best with this dish. Those who do not like onions should simmer tripe in a nice brown gravy, and serve with grated cheese, handed separately.



Photo, Johnston & Hoffmann.
Miss Nellie Wigley, appearing at the Grand Theatre, Fulham.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

It is a long time since I have been so fascinated by any book as I have by the unassuming little volume which lies before me as I write. It is a life of James Watt, by Andrew Carnegie, and is published in the "Famous Scots Series," at one-and-sixpence.

The career of James Watt is one of the most marvellous records of almost superhuman industry and perseverance the world has ever known. He was a humble Scottish lad, used to the depressing environment of almost abject poverty from the day of his birth, and he was sent out into the world in his early "teens" to be a sort of "handy-man." He repaired fiddles and spectacles. He made fishing-rods and tackle, and he did many odd jobs as apprentice to a working oculist, who was also a kind of general carpenter and "repairer."

James Watt took everything that came his way in the nature of work, and profited by it, but he never ceased to study any branch of learning which he thought might be of benefit to him in after-life. In later years he manufactured the steam-engine and other epoch-making inventions, ending his days at a ripe old age as one of the most famous men of the world, and at the head of one of the biggest businesses of his day. Every young man, starting out to fight the great battle of life, should carry a copy of the life of Watt in his knapsack to guide and encourage him upon his way. It will stimulate him as few printed books could do.

The life of Watt has been written as a labour of love by Andrew Carnegie; Carnegie emigrated from Scotland to America with his parents as a boy, and started life in a cotton factory at five shillings a week. He has lived to become a millionaire philanthropist in the country where he was born. It seems strangely appropriate, as, indeed, Mr. Carnegie points out in his preface, that the man who has made a fortune with the aid of the steam-engine should sit down and write the life of the man who invented it.

Like so many of England's greatest men, Watt was a very delicate child, and he was very backward at school. No one seems to have divined the latent powers smouldering within. His ill-health made him miserable, but it was in reality a blessing in disguise, for he devoted to self-improvement the hours that he would otherwise have spent in play. Mr. Carnegie says that his only sport was angling. The athletic games of the school he was debarred, not being robust, and this was a constant

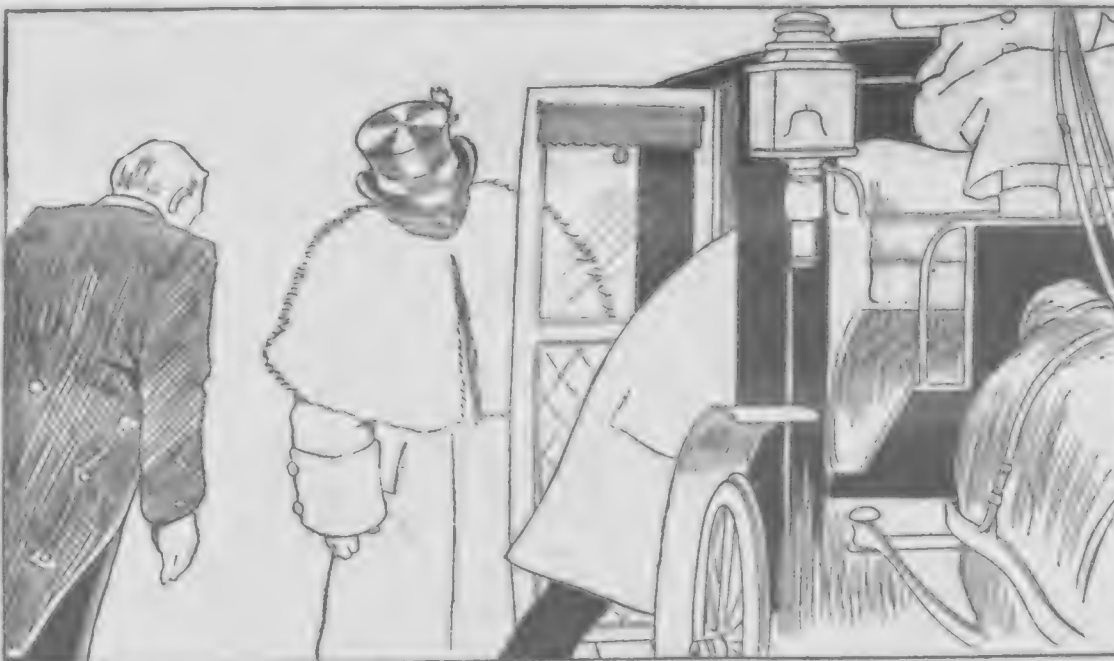
source of morbid misery to him, entailing, as it did, separation from the other boys.

All through his life Watt had to

struggle with ill-health and his consequent despondency. But even in the midst of sickness his one thought was of his work. When he first came to London, a frail, delicate lad, earning eight shillings a week, the enforced confinement necessary to his work and the unremitting labour told upon his health. He caught a severe cold during the winter, and was afflicted with a racking cough and severe rheumatic pains.

age possessed so much and so varied and exact information—had read so much or remembered what he had read so accurately and well. He had infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodising power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense, and yet less astonishing than the command he had at all times over

The First Two Instantaneous Pictures of the New Leader of the Opposition!



With his father's sanction, he decided to return home to recuperate, taking good care, however, forehanded as he always proved himself, to secure new and valuable tools and a stock of materials to make many others, which "he knew he must make himself." A few valuable books were not forgotten, among them Bion's Work on the Construction and Use of Mathematical Instruments—nothing pertaining to his craft but he would know. King he would be in that, so everything was made to revolve around it. That was the foundation upon which he had to build.

How is it that in his marvellous career, Watt so easily accomplished wonders, as if by inspiration? In all history it may be doubted whether success can be traced more clearly to long and careful preparation than in Watt's case. When we investigate, for instance, this seeming sleight-of-hand triumph with the organs, we find that upon agreeing to make the first, Watt immediately devoted himself to a study of the laws of harmony, making science supplement his lack of the musical ear. As usual, the study was exhaustive. Many men in his time knew far more than Watt. None worked so assiduously as he did to turn all that he did know to useful, practical purpose.

Lord Jeffrey, who knew him well, has declared that, independent of his great attainments in mechanics, Watt was an extraordinary, and, in many respects, a wonderful man. He says:

"Perhaps no individual in his

them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting; such was the copiousness, the precision, and the admirable clearness of the information which he poured out upon it without effort or hesitation."

Space is short, but I cannot conclude my notes this week without referring to a record which will take some beating. "B.H.," writing from Barnes, says: "I have read every copy of the P.I.P. since its commencement [1861]. I came from East Suffolk three years since to Barnes, and am now in my seventy-ninth year, a good reader and mover. I was a drummer-boy at the Coronation of our late Queen Victoria."

Here is this week's motto. It is from the speech of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, on the state of the nation. He said: "I know not what profit there may be in the study of history, what value in the sayings of wise men, or in the recorded experience of the past, if it is not to guide and instruct us in the present." VALENTIA STEER.

Subscriptions for the PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER should be sent to the Publisher, 18 Henrietta Street, W.C. The "P.I.P." will be sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for thirteen weeks, on receipt of postal order, value 1s. 6d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 6d. Single copies post-free 1d. For foreign postage the rates are: three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; one year, 8s. 8d. The PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER may be sent by halfpenny post to any place in the United Kingdom. To the Colonies or any foreign place the postage is one penny.

Replies in Brief.

A. A. (Holloway).—Many thanks for the political squibs and leaflets you sent me.

ANACLE.—Am making inquiries, and will answer your letter by post as soon as possible.

H. P. (Wandsworth).—Bon Voyage! Don't forget to send me some new subscribers when you get back to Singapore.

QUOTATIONS.—A. C. (Brighouse), J. H. L. (New Mills, near Stockport), and others.—Many thanks for the quotations you sent. They were mostly good, but not quite what I wanted. Please try again.

R. S. (Great Ellingham).—Thank you for your letter. I am afraid neither the cartoon nor the poem would be of any use for publication. I was interested in your letter. Will you write again, and tell me more about yourself—what regiment you were in, what service you have seen, &c.?

R. C.—The Great Western Railway has, it is stated, the longest railway line in England:—The London and North-Western comes next, and the North-Eastern third. In Scotland the longest railway is the North British, and in Ireland the Great Southern and Western. The United States possess the longest railway in the world, the Richmond and West Point Railway, which has 8103 miles of line.

W. O. F.—The "Seven Wonders of the World" were said to be (1) the Pyramids of Egypt; (2) the Mausoleum or Tomb built for Mausolus, King of Caria, by Artimisia, his queen; (3) the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus; (4) the walls and hanging gardens of Semiramis, at Babylon; (5) the Colossus, at Rhodes; (6) the statue of Zeus (Jupiter), at Athens, by Phidias; and (7) the Pharos, or Watch Tower, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, at Alexandria.

EXCLUSION (Manchester).—Thanks for your interesting letter. I was very glad to hear of your schemes and ideas. You are on the right road. There must be certainty, confidence, and assurance, or there can be no efficiency. An uneducated man who believes in himself, and who has faith that he can do the thing he undertakes, often puts to shame the average college-bred man, whose overculture and wider outlook have sometimes bred increased sensitiveness and a lessening of self-confidence, whose decision has been weakened by constant weighing of conflicting theories, and whose prejudices are always open to conviction.

ARTHUR WILLIAMSON. (Canterbury).—The lifting power of youth of seventeen years is 260lb.; in his twentieth year this increases to 320lb.; in the thirtieth and thirty-first year it reaches its height, 365lb. At the end of the thirty-first year the strength begins to decline, very slowly at first. By the fortieth year it has decreased 6lb., and this diminution continues at a slightly increasing rate until the fiftieth year is reached, when the figure is 350lb. After this period the strength falls more and more rapidly until the weakness of old age is reached. It is not possible to give statistics of the decline of strength after the fiftieth year, as it varies to a large extent in different individuals.

C. M. H. (Tunbridge).—The largest amount ever paid in railway compensation in this country was in 1869, when a terrible accident took place on the London and Brighton line at New Cross. The company were inundated with many big claims, which were eventually settled at a total cost of £70,000. In 1874 a collision at Thorpe involved a loss to the company of £15,000 in compensation claims alone; but this sum sank into insignificance when compared with the outlay of the Great Northern Railway Company in 1869 in respect to the terrible catastrophe at Killoon, near Armagh, by which seventy-eight people lost their lives and about 400 were injured. The company paid in compensation to relatives and injured passengers over £65,000, and it was estimated at the time that the accident entailed a financial dead loss of at least £130,000.

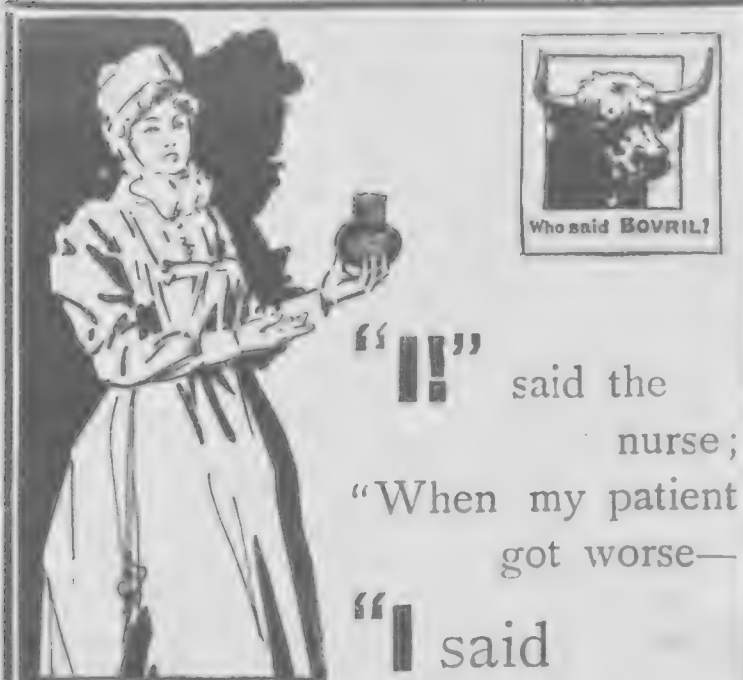
Q. V. T. (Liverpool).—Yes, your friend is quite right. Rents of houses and flats in London and suburbs are much higher than in Liverpool, and you would have either railway fares or tram fares to pay to get to and from business. Of course, salaries are higher here than in your city, and they need to be. Food and clothing in some respects may be a little cheaper here. Write to me again if you think I can help you in any way. From what you say, I certainly think you would be wise in accepting the offer you mention.

H. J. F.—As the steamer was owned in Cardiff, the Board of Trade Inquiry into her loss would be held there. Yes, the Press are admitted to all such inquiries. The local stipendiary magistrate would no doubt preside, and he would be assisted by two nautical assessors. It is impossible to say whether the captain's certificate will be suspended or not.

A. BAKER (Bourton, Dorset).—You will have seen that your wish has been fulfilled in this week's and last week's issues of the P.I.P. I am glad you like the paper so much, and that you have taken it for so long a time. I hope you will continue to do so, and that you will induce your friends to do likewise.

GASPAR (Figueira da Foz, Portugal).—Your picture post-card was most acceptable, and I thank you very much for it, also for your good wishes. I could not quite read your signature, but you will doubtless see this, and excuse me. You say you want "more sport—cycling, automobiles, football, and jiu-jitsu." I will do my best.

W. L. (Birmingham).—At meetings of the Cabinet questions under discussion are, if necessary, put to the vote and decided by a majority. Once a decision has been arrived at, Ministers are bound to support it, unless they resign, and all are responsible alike for it. The King is informed of the proceedings of the Cabinet by what is called a "Ministerial Memorandum," which was introduced by Sir Robert Peel, and which is prepared by the Prime Minister.



"!!" said the nurse;
"When my patient got worse—"
"I said

Bovril

OUR THRILLING SERIAL STORY.

The Mysterious Millionaire.

BY SIDNEY DREW.

SOUTHWARD AT LAST.

"I pledge myself for them all," said Terry. "There'll be no treachery."

"Then follow me swiftly, my captain," laughed the Queen. "Little the priests who now tend the fire on Hektor's altar think that Vanessa is in the treasure chamber. We have nought to fear from the rogues, but the blind man who feeds the tigers may return. Swiftly, swiftly! Keep at my right hand as I reel out the thread lest a stumble snap it. Bah! these priests! They do not know

sage. The feeder of the tigers may come. He is old and blind, so-slay him not, but let him make no sound. Let that be thy duty, Muldoon; for thou art quick and no bungler."

The men worked almost noiselessly, packing the jewels in the little steel boxes. As they filled the Queen locked them and sealed the locks. Terry looked back at her as she knelt, the light upon her beautiful face, and Terry thought that she was worthy to be the wife, even of Graydon Garth.

"What'll Micky say at all when I tell him that I'm a bould bad bur-

charge of two men. They could not mistake the way with the lamps to guide them. Terry perched himself on a convenient ledge of rock, and, suddenly remembering that blind men have highly-developed senses of smell and hearing, he wisely extinguished his pipe.

He had reckoned that to convey each load of treasure and get it aboard the aeronef would take half an hour, and half a dozen journeys, at least, would be necessary. That meant three hours' work. The aeronef lay hidden in the centre of an oasis of palms, guarded by sentries.

The soft footsteps, and faint creaking of the cart died into silence. Then Terry lifted his great hand warningly. He had heard a sound. He peered into the gloom. The sound grew louder—a shambling footfall and the muttering of a cracked, wheezy voice.

Beyond the prostrate tigers stood Vanessa in a rapt attitude of alertness. The two men behind had drawn their revolvers. The wheezy voice came louder, and the bent figure of an old man grew distinct in the light of one of the lamps.

He was hideously, repulsively ugly, and his bare skinny arms and filthy robes were smeared and splashed with blood. In a basket he carried a mass of raw meat, and a whip with a wire-pointed lash hung from his wrist by a thong.

"Hala!" he called, in the language of the Hill Country; "why art thou silent to-night, thou guardians of the treasure? Dost thou not know the voice of him that feeds thee, Kanzarva? Dost thou not smell meat, Janair, thou fierce one? Hala, Hala! Why bear I not the rattle of thy chain and thy growl of thunder, Janair? By Hektor, they sleep. Awake, sluggards—awake! By Hektor—"

He halted, and a look of dismay and doubt flashed into his ugly face. Muldoon gripped him and pressed his hand over the toothless mouth.

"Hurt him not," said Vanessa, "for he is old and weak, but bind him well. Feeder of the tigers, Janair and Kanzarva guard the treasure no more. They are dead. I will help thee, Muldoon."

She gagged the shivering wretch with her own silk scarf, while Muldoon secured his wrists and ankles. He made no resistance.

The cart returned again and again, and was wheeled away with its priceless loads. The hours sped on.

"Thank goodness, this is the last lot," said Terry, with a sigh of fervent relief. "We've got through wid it well up to the present. And yez thinks the silver ought to sthaye, madame?"

"Until we need it—yes. But we shall need it. Let the priests fight

for that among themselves. That old man will guide them here when we free him, and then surely there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth. How they will shriek to Hektor to avenge himself and them!" She clapped her hands and laughed with delight and triumph at the thought.

"Bedad! I reckon they will squeal a bit," grinned Terry. "Now, lads, pick up the loights as yez go." Vanessa closed the secret door behind her. Terry had carried the prisoner in his muscular arms. The clouds had cleared from the sky, and the stars shone brilliantly. Like shadows the winners of the wealth of Hektor crossed the uneven plain.

"All's well," breathed Muldoon. "All's well, sir," came the hushed answer.

Black, grim, and shapeless the aeronef lay among the palms. It rose with a whirr into the starlit sky. Vanessa, grasping the rail, looked down at the temple of Hektor.

"We have won," she cried. "Oh! Nazar, thou foolish priest. It was a black and evil day when thou didst defy Vanessa, thy Queen. Brave hearts, ye have done nobly this night. Go not so fast, my captain. Let me look again."

Muldoon checked the aeronef. The Queen pressed her hand passionately over her quickly beating heart and looked again at her city.

"It is the last time," she muttered. "I know it—I know it! And I love thee, my fair Hill Country—love thee well. But I shall see thee no more. I am afraid—afraid with some strange terror. Ah!"

She tottered back. Terry left the wheel and sprang to her side.

"The brave little woman," he thought, "she's overstrained wid it all."

He laid his big hand gently upon her arm.

"Shall I send for Suzette, madame?"

"No, I can go alone. But, haste, my brave captain of guards, and bring me to my lord. Farewell, my city—farewell!"

Her dark head sank, and she went down the companion with feeble steps. The late moon, rising at last, began to silver the snow-capped peaks. Terry swung the wheel down and set the great screws lashing the air.

Higher, higher, higher! The city sank out of sight as if a black screen had been drawn over it, frost began to form on the panes of the wheel-house, and every plate quivered like a harpstring with the fierce throbs of the engines.

The aeronef rushed towards the silver-capped peaks, and sailed between them. Below lay the Plains of Northern India. They slipped away behind the flying monster. She was seen at Kurachi, she was seen east of Aden, she was seen by a vessel making for Zanzibar.

And hour after hour Vanessa, the Queen, sat in the wheel-house, her dark eyes gazing southwards, while land and sea dropped away behind the rushing monster.

"How long, Muldoon?"

"This very night, madame. We shall know at Cape Town."



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Vanessa. Hide the lamp, for I like the darkness best."

She let the thread run through her fingers as the hero in the old Greek legend did when he entered the labyrinth to slay the monster. The thread would guide them on their return. In and out, round and round, through a maze of winding tunnels, she led Muldoon till the night air blew fresh and soft upon their cheeks.

Terry let the lamp shine out for a moment, and then screened it. Again it flashed, and again it was hidden. Vague shapes appeared creeping noiselessly towards the wall. There was a soft grating of rubber-shod wheels.

"Make no noise, lads," said Muldoon, in a hoarse whisper. "Two of yez guard the door here, and, by all the powers, kape yer eyes peeled and yer ears wide open. The rist'll be wanted wid me. Madame, shall I see yer safe aboard?"

"No, I shall stay with you, slayer of tigers," said the Queen merrily. "I have good eyes and good ears."

Terry bowed, but he would have preferred her absence. The little cart was lifted up by strong hands, and the powerful hurricane lamp lighted. They closed the secret door and advanced, guided by the silken thread. Here and there, at distances of about fifty feet, other lamps were placed. Vanessa, radiant and triumphant, laughed on.

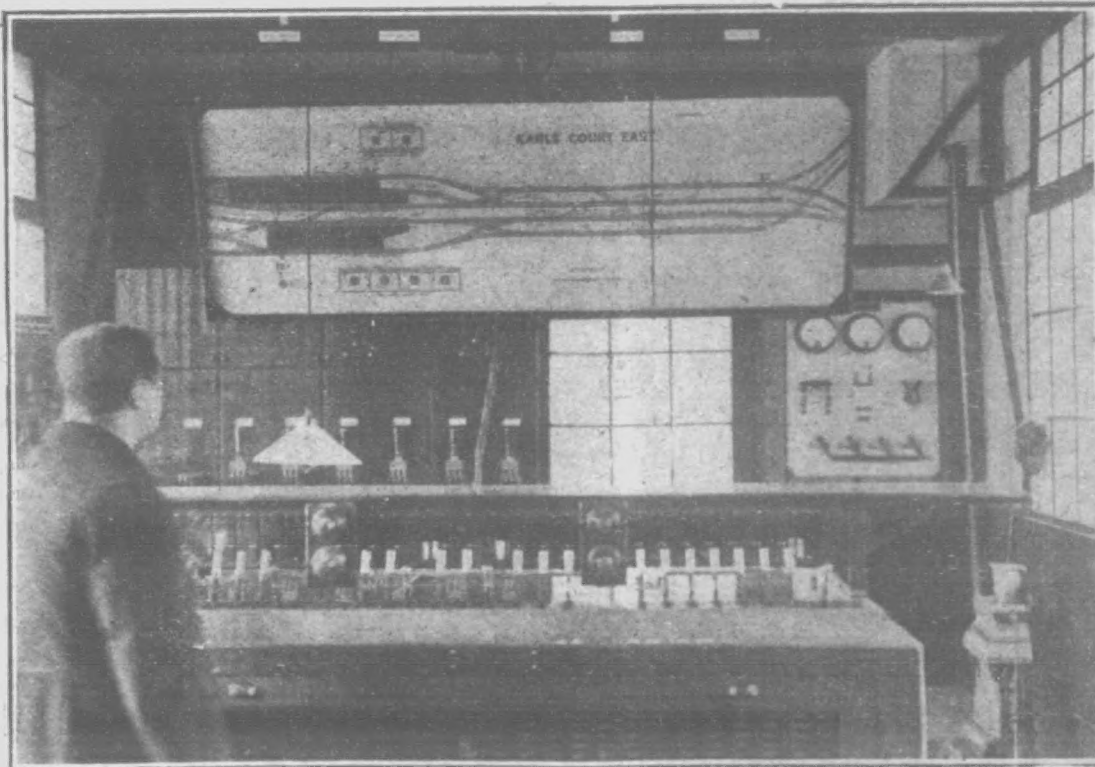
Even the sight of the dead tigers brought no murmur or sign of astonishment from Graydon Garth's men. They were human machines, cool and passionless. One of them whistled softly as they entered the treasure-chamber.

"The jools first," said Terry, "and then the coined gold. And the silver, madame? It'll be the dickens of a weight."

"Bah! Leave the silver to Hektor and his priests, my captain. Thou hast brought boxes for the jewels, I see. Place them before me as ye fill them and I will seal them with my lord's seal. Ah! where is my head? Send thou a man to watch the pas-

glar?" he muttered. "Faith, I wish I had the little villain wid me. I shall be makin' a fool of meself by huggin' him when I do see him. Bedad, it's glorious to be alive. I've arrested a praste, had a foight, killed two toigers, and robbed a strong room in wan day. Terry, me bhoy, and don't forget that yez are a captain into the bargain. Well, let 'em all come! There's plinty o' room inside."

The rubber-wheeled cart passed him on its outward journey in the



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The cleanest and most spacious cave of all Etawayo set at Graydon Garth's disposal. Leckburn, who shared it with him, settled his great body in a pile of skins, and, with a final growl against the world in general, fell asleep with a pipe in his mouth.

The boat—a little steam launch—had been captured, but the men in charge of it had managed to escape by swimming the river. The cave was lighted with torches thrust into clefts in the rock, and their strong-smelling, black smoke swirled in clouds below the roof.

With his hands clasped behind him, Graydon Garth paced to and fro. He was slightly haggard, he had not shaved, and his arms ached. It was chilly, and he gently pulled a rug over Leckburn and threw a few dry sticks on the fire. Leckburn stirred in his sleep and then languidly opened his eyes.

"How's the time, old chap?"

The millionaire glanced at his gun-metal watch.

"Ten past three, Ned," he drawled.

"Then why the dickens don't you have a snooze?" growled his lordship. "You'll wear yourself out. By Jove! you look seedy. How do you feel?"

"Stiffish," answered the millionaire with a yawn. "Poor Birch was rather a heavy load. Go to sleep, my friend, while you have the chance. While you sleep I think. Someone must think, Ned."

"Well, think out a plan that will give us something to do, or I'll mutiny."

He yawned and his eyes closed again. Garth paced on, brooding and scheming. Then, seizing a torch, he lifted the strip of matting that covered the entrance of the cave and stepped out into the night.

Stretched round a dim fire, using their saddles for pillows, lay his men. Du Barry, the prisoner, was there, too, safely handcuffed to Kit King. Kit awoke at the noise of the millionaire's tread and sat up. "Who comes there?"

"I do, King. Fasten the fellow to Jackson. I'm uneasy."

The handcuff clicked twice as it was transferred to Jackson's wrist.

"By thunder," said the scout, "the Frenchy don't seem to take it much to heart. He dropped off at once."

Almost by instinct, he loaded his rifle.

"Going far, my lord?"

"To the ford," drawled the millionaire, pointing to du Barry. "It is the way that fellow has acted that makes me feel restless. Kanarphes knows—knew hours ago—that I shot at him in his own camp. He is not a man to let a chance slip. I am afraid of a pursuit in force."

"By thunder!" said Kit, "I shouldn't be surprised. But how could they tell we came this way? They couldn't follow our spoor in the dark." He grinned as he filled his pipe. "The Frenchy was kind enough to tell us that the old Egyptian means to hang every white man he catches."

Garth seized a rifle and hurried down the dark ravine. They halted at the bank of the river.

"By thunder!" said Kit, "we'd have a bad time if we got shut up with Etawayo. We'd get—"

"What's that?" asked Garth hoarsely.

It was a shot, followed by a thud of galloping hoofs. White tunics and plunging horses swept down the opposite bank. They splashed into the river, five hundred strong.

"Vor, Vor, and Kanarphes!"

"By thunder! we're surrounded," shouted Kit, levelling his rifle.

From the other side of the rocky fastness came the answering cry:

"Vor, Vor, and Kanarphes!"

And then rose the savage yell of Etawayo's mountain wolves and the rattle of rifles.

"WELL DONE, TERRY!"

Kit's Mauser rifle cracked until the magazine was empty. Three men and a horse floundered over to be trampled under water. Revolvers flashed as Kit turned to run up the pass. His slouch hat was cut through by a bullet that grazed the crown of his head and sent the blood streaming down his face.

Yells and reports of guns rang deafeningly through the night. Etawayo's mountain wolves rushed from their dens. Graydon Garth's

men leapt up and gripped their rifles.

Their leader stood before them calm and impassive.

"Hold the pass," he drawled. "You are in command, Ned, and King is your lieutenant. They may try to reach the pass if they are fools enough. Shoot to kill. Lever those boulders forward."

"And what are you going to do?" asked Leckburn, who was rubbing his eyes.

"I'm going to repel the attack on the other side. I understand these mountain pirates, and they understand me. There is no immediate danger. There is a flying column, and they can have no heavy guns. If it comes to a siege, and they bring up guns, it will be awkward. We have only food for three days. Where are you, Sarad?"

"Here, my lord," answered the Nubian.

"Come with me. Stamp out that fire and cover yourselves. Fight as you never fought before. Show the Egyptian what you are made of."

"Bedad, we will, my lord," roared Micky, the gunner. "Gimme a hand, Pete, me boy. Hurroo!"

Micky was grinning with delight. He stroked the muzzle of his Maxim lovingly. The pass was narrow, and shut in by steep walls, whose summits were crowned by Etawayo's black wolves. Garth smiled as he turned to the chief.

"What do you smell, comrade?" Etawayo rubbed his bony hands and tittered fiendishly.

"Death for many, chief; meat for my wolves. Many have tried to drive us from our caves, and now their bones are white and blacked. We are warriors and chiefs, you and I. They offered me cattle and gold. Ah! it is good. I smell death, and it smells sweet. You shall lead my wolves to-night, chief, for I am old. You are a warrior, and I have seen you fight. To-night I shall see you fight again. Ah! it is good to have lived for that—it is good to hear the song of the guns, baas! it is good—good!"

"Vor—Vor and Kanarphes!"

The wild shout echoed up the pass, bellowed from five hundred throats. Garth's grey eyes sparkled. He was measuring his strength with the power of Kanarphes, the mummy. If

only the blind fanatics of Vor would advance!

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Garth felt confident that nothing but a prolonged and accurate shell-fire could capture their stronghold.

He gave his orders rapidly. On the western side high peaks formed a half circle, their ends touching the river. They were steep and barren, and could be swept by a rifle fire that no troops could face. The ravine alone, opposite the ford, gave an entry to Etawayo's fastness. Garth waited expectantly.

(To be continued.)



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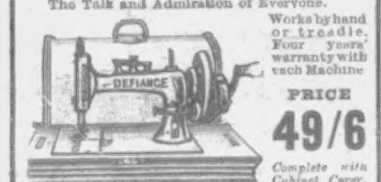
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Burton-on-Trent.

Writes, January 18th, 1906:
"After suffering for nearly two years from terrible head noises and Deafness, I am now most thankful to say that you have completely cured me. I now feel a different being altogether, and shall never cease to sing the praises of the 'Keith-Harvey System.'"



Mr. J. H. CROCKER,
37 Hafod Street, Hafod,
Swansea.

Writes, January 14th, 1906:
"For over twenty-one years I suffered from Deafness and 'whistling' head noises, due to an attack of Measles, when I tried the 'Keith-Harvey System.' Before adopting your Treatment, I could not hear anyone speaking, now I can hear a watch tick four feet away."



Mr. N. C. PLOWMAN,
11 Talbot Terrace,
St. John's, Lewes.

Writes, January 13th, 1906:
"Nearly a year ago I was struck a fearful blow in the face by a broken engine rod, and immediately became practically stone deaf. I am thankful to say that since carrying out the 'Keith-Harvey System' I can now hear as well as ever I did."



Mrs. MONK,
Burnham Green,
Nr. Welwyn, Herts.

Writes, January 12th, 1906:
"For a great number of years I suffered from Deafness and distracting 'rushing' noises in the ears. After trying various remedies, I adopted the 'Keith-Harvey System,' and have much pleasure in stating that I can now hear quite well."



Private WATSON, A.O.C.,
Island Bridge Barracks,
Dublin.

Writes, January 12th, 1906:
"I thank you for the benefit I have derived from the use of the 'Keith-Harvey System.' My Deafness came on after acute Neuralgia, leaving me with noises in the ears. Before adopting your System it was a great difficulty to hear, now I can hear everything."



Mr. A. G. WYATT,
42 Weldale Street,
Reading, Berks.

Writes, January 9th, 1906:
"Although mine was an exceedingly bad case of Deafness I am pleased to say that the 'Keith-Harvey System' has completely cured me. The pains and noises in my ears have also entirely gone and I feel as though I had been granted a new lease of life."



Mrs. M. HILL,
83 Midland Road,
Cottledige, King's Norton.

Writes, December 24th, 1905:
"Although I had become deaf and had also entirely lost the sense of smell through nasal Catarrh, I am pleased to say that the 'Keith-Harvey System' has effected a wonderful cure. Not only is my hearing completely restored but the sense of smell has also returned."



Mrs. E. P. MATTHEWS,
23 High Street, Sandown,
Isle-of-Wight.

Writes, December 18th, 1905:
"As the result of a severe Influenza Cold I became so deaf that I was quite unable to hear a watch tick with either ear. I am very pleased to say, however, that on applying the 'Keith-Harvey System' my hearing at once came back perfectly clear and completely restored."

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A LUXURY AND A NECESSITY TO EVERY MODERN TOILET.

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